

# **THE SOUND OF MUSIC®**

Music by  
**RICHARD RODGERS**

Lyrics by  
**OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II**

Book by  
**Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse**  
Suggested by "The Story of the Trapp Family Singers"

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Choral Arrangements by Trude Rittman



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Printed in the United States of America.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Maria Rainer, a Postulant at Nonnberg Abbey

The Mother Abbess

Sister Berthe, Mistress of Novices

Sister Margaretta, Mistress of Postulants

Sister Sophia

Captain Georg von Trapp

Franz, the butler

Frau Schmidt, the housekeeper

Liesl, age 16

Friedrich, age 14

Louisa, age 13

Kurt, age 10

The Children of Captain von Trapp

Brigitta, age 9

Marta, age 7

Gretl, the youngest

Rolf Gruber, age 17

Elsa Schraeder

Ursula

Max Detweiler

Herr Zeller

Baron Elberfeld

A New Postulant

Admiral von Schreiber

Neighbors of Captain von Trapp, nuns, novices, postulants, and  
contestants at the Festival Concert

# MUSICAL SYNOPSIS

## ACT I

### Scene 1: The Nonnberg Abbey

*Preludium* ..... The Nuns of the Nonnberg Abbey

### Scene 2: A Mountainside Near the Abbey

*The Sound of Music* ..... Maria

### Scene 3: The Office of the Mother Abbess, the next morning

*Maria* ..... Sisters Berthe, Sophia, Margaretta and Mother Abbess

*My Favorite Things* ..... Maria and Mother Abbess

### Scene 4: A Corridor in the Abbey

Reprise: *My Favorite Things* ..... Maria

### Scene 5: The Living Room of the Trapp Villa, that afternoon

*Do-Re-Mi* ..... Maria and the von Trapp Children

### Scene 6: Outside the Villa, that evening

*Sixteen Going On Seventeen* ..... Rolf and Liesl

### Scene 7: Maria's Bedroom, later that evening

*The Lonely Goatherd* ..... Maria and the Children

### Scene 8: A Hallway in the Villa

Reprise: *The Lonely Goatherd* ..... Gretl

### Scene 9: The Terrace of the Villa, six weeks later

*How Can Love Survive?* ..... Max, Elsa and Capt. von Trapp

Reprise: *The Sound of Music* ..... The Children and Capt. von Trapp

### Scene 10: A Hallway in the Villa, one week later

### Scene 11: The Living Room, the same evening

*So Long, Farewell* ..... The Children

### Scene 12: A Corridor in the Abbey

*Morning Hymn* ..... The Nuns

### Scene 13: The Office of the Mother Abbess, three days later

*Climb Ev'ry Mountain* ..... Mother Abbess and the Nuns

## ACT II

### Scene 1: The Terrace, the same day

Reprise: *My Favorite Things* ..... The Children and Maria  
*No Way To Stop It* ..... Elsa, Max and Capt. von Trapp  
*An Ordinary Couple* ..... Maria and Capt. von Trapp

### Scene 2: A Corridor in the Abbey, two weeks later

### Scene 3: The Office of the Mother Abbess, immediately following

*Gadeamus Domino* ..... The Nuns

### Scene 4: A Cloister Overlooking the Chapel

Reprise: *Maria* ..... The Nuns  
*Confitemini Domino* ..... The Nuns

### Scene 5: The Living Room, one month later

Reprise: *Sixteen Going On Seventeen* ..... Maria and Liesl

### Scene 6: The Concert Hall Stage, three days later

Reprise: *Do-Re-Mi* ..... Maria, Capt. von Trapp and the Children  
*Edelweiss* ..... Capt. von Trapp, Maria and the Children  
Reprise: *So Long, Farewell* ..... Maria, the Children and Capt. von Trapp

### Scene 7: The Garden of the Abbey, that night

*Finale Ultimo* ..... The Company

ACT I  
Scene I  
Prelude

NONNBERG ABBEY. *As the theatre darkens we hear the bells of Nonnberg Abbey. When the theatre is completely dark the sound of the bells fades and we hear feminine voices chanting "Dixit Dominus."*

SOLO: Dixit dominus domino meo:  
Sede a dextris meis.

*(In the darkness the curtain has risen and slowly the lights come up on the interior of Nonnberg Abbey. There is an altar with its lighted candles on one side, in the rear are vaulted arches and in the back wall a stained glass window. Across the stage, below all this, is a metal grille-work. The singing continues:)*

RESPONSE: Donec ponam inimicos tuos,  
Scabellum pedum tuorum

SOLO: Dominus a dextris tuis  
Confregit in die irae suae reges.

RESPONSE: De torrente in via bibet:  
Propterea in exaltabit caput.

SOLO: Gloria Patri, et Filio,  
Et Spiritui Sancto.

RESPONSE: Sicut erat in principio,  
et nunc, et semper,  
et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.  
Rex admirabilis,  
Et triumphator nobilis,  
Dulcedo ineffabilis,  
Totus desiderabilis,  
Totus desiderabilis.

*(During the chanting some nuns have approached the altar and knelt in prayer. Others have crossed in front of the grille, one carrying milk pails on a shoulder-yoke, another a large laundry basket, three or four with musical instruments. We hear the Angelus bells. All of the nuns kneel, bow their heads, cross themselves, then rise and go on about their business. The singing changes to "Alleluia." SISTER BERTHE enters with a notebook and pencil. As the nuns and postulants come on from various directions and pass her she checks their names off in the book. There seems to be someone missing. The singing has stopped and now we hear the voices of nuns coming from all over the Abbey.)*

VOICES: *(As the lights dim out)*

Have you seen Maria?

Isn't Maria back yet?

Where could Maria be?

Where's Maria?

Maria!

Maria! Maria!

Maria! Maria! Maria!

*(Dim Out)*

## ACT I

### Scene 2

*A mountainside near the Abbey. In the distance we see other mountains and Austrian countryside. Downstage is a large tree. MARIA is lying on her back at the base of the base of the tree. Although she is dressed as a postulant, her position, with one foot high in the air and her petti-*

*coat showing, is unpostulant-like. She sits up, looks around and starts to sing.*

MARIA: My day in the hills  
Has come to an end, I know.  
A star has come out  
To tell me it's time to go.  
But deep in the dark green shadows  
Are voices that urge me to stay.  
So I pause and I wait and I listen  
For one more sound,  
For one more lovely thing  
That the hills might say. . .

The hills are alive  
With the sound of music,  
With songs they have sung  
For a thousand years.  
The hills fill my heart  
With the sound of music—  
My heart wants to sing  
Every song it hears.

My heart wants to beat  
Like the wings  
Of the birds that rise  
From the lake to the trees.  
My heart wants to sigh  
Like a chime that flies  
From a church on a breeze,  
To laugh like a brook  
When it trips and falls  
Over stones in its way,



MARIA: To sing through the night  
(*Cont'd.*) Like a lark who is learning to pray.

I go to the hills  
When my heart is lonely,  
I know I will hear  
What I've heard before,  
My heart will be blessed  
With the sound of music  
And I'll sing once more.

*(The lights dim out and the traveller closes. SISTER SOPHIA enters below the traveller and crosses the stage carrying a large ring of keys.)*

### Scene 3

*The office of the Mother Abbess. The sparseness of the furniture gives the sense of monastic austerity. There is a desk center, an armchair on one side, a stool on the other, a prie-dieu a short distance away. There is a door on either side of the room. On the desk: inkstand and pen and some papers inside a portfolio. Discovered are the MOTHER ABBESS, SISTER BERTHE and SISTER MARGARETTA. The MOTHER ABBESS, seated at left of desk is consulting a list of names on a sheet of paper. SISTER BERTHE, standing R. of desk, is holding in her hands a small black book and a pencil. SISTER MARGARETTA, standing R. of SISTER BERTHE, but apart, has her hands folded beneath the panel on the front of her habit. N.B. Nuns, when their hands are not employed, always keep them out of sight beneath the panel of their habit.*

MOTHER ABBESS: I think we should be pleased with our efforts. Out of twenty-eight postulants, sixteen or seventeen are ready to enter the novitiate. Let's consider the doubtful ones again. There's Irmagard. . .

BERTHE: Reverend Mother, there's no doubt about Irmagard—the religious life is no place for the pious.

MOTHER ABBESS: You mean the pretentiously pious, Sister Berthe. There's Christina—and there's Maria.

BERTHE: Well, after last night I don't think there can be any doubt in the Reverend Mother's mind about Maria.

MOTHER ABBESS: I gave her permission to leave the Abbey for the day.

MARGARETTA: (*R. of BERTHE*) I told you, Sister Berthe—  
(*There is a knock on the door.*)

MOTHER ABBESS: Ave!

(*SISTER SOPHIA enters, comes to above desk.*)

SOPHIA: Reverend Mother, I've brought Maria. She's waiting.

MOTHER ABBESS: Sister Sophia, the Mistress of the Postulants and the Mistress of the Novices do not see eye to eye about Maria. How do you feel about her?

SOPHIA: I love her very dearly. But she always seems to be in trouble, doesn't she?

BERTHE: (*Crosses D.L.*) Exactly what I say! (*She sings.*)  
She climbs a tree and scrapes her knee,  
Her dress has got a tear.

SOPHIA: She waltzes on her way to Mass  
And whistles on the stair.

BERTHE: And underneath her wimple  
She has curlers in her hair.

SOPHIA: I've even heard her singing in the Abbey'  
(*BERTHE moves to MOTHER ABBESS.*)

BERTHE: She's always late for chapel—  
 SOPHIA: But her penitance is real.  
 BERTHE: She's always late for everything  
 Except for every meal.  
 I hate to say it  
 But I very firmly feel

BERTHE and SOPHIA:  
 Maria's not an asset to the Abbey.

MARGARETTA:  
 I'd like to say a word in her behalf—  
*(Crosses to desk.)*

MOTHER ABBESS: *(Speaks)* Then say it, Sister Margareta.

MARGARETTA: Maria. . . makes me. . . laugh!  
*(All look at SISTER BERTHE, then look front.)*

SOPHIA: How do you solve a problem like Maria?

MOTHER ABBESS:  
 How do you catch a cloud and pin it down?

MARGARETTA: How do you find a word that means Maria?

BERTHE: *(Raising both hands)*  
 A flibbertijibbet!

SOPHIA: *(Raising both hands)*  
 A will-o'-wisp!

MARGARETTA: *(Raising both hands)*  
 A clown!

MOTHER ABBESS:  
 Many a thing you know you'd like to tell her,  
*(Crosses D.S.R.)* Many a thing she ought to understand.

MARGARETTA: But how do you make her stay *(Crosses L. to MOTHER A.)* And listen to all you say?

MOTHER ABBESS: How do you keep a wave upon the sand?  
*(Crosses C.S.)*

MARGARETTA: Oh, how do you solve a problem like Maria?

MOTHER ABBESS: How do you hold a moonbeam in your hand?  
*(Raising both hands.)*

MARGARETTA: When I'm with her I'm confused, *(Crosses*

C., R. of MOTHER ABBESS.)  
 Out of focus and bemused,  
 And I never know exactly where I am.

BERTHE: (*Crosses L. of MOTHER ABBESS*),  
 Unpredictable as weather,  
 She's as flighty as a feather,  
 (*MOTHER ABBESS backs up a step.*)

MARGARETTA: (*To SISTER BERTHE*)  
 She's a darling.

BERTHE: (*To SISTER MARGARETTA*)  
 She's a demon.

MARGARETTA: (*To SISTER BERTHE*)  
 She's a lamb.

SOPHIA: (*Crosses L. of SISTER BERTHE*)  
 She'll out-pest any pest,  
 Drive a hornet from his nest,

BERTHE: She could throw a whirling dervish out of whirl.

MARGARETTA: She is gentle,  
 She is wild, (*Raising both hands.*)

SOPHIA: She's a riddle.  
 She's a child. (*Raising both hands.*)

BERTHE: She's a headache! (*Raising both hands.*)

MARGARETTA: (*Dropping her hands*)  
 She's an angel.

MOTHER ABBESS:  
 She's a girl. . .

ALL: (*Looking front—On count of 8, all clasp hands at chest, look up in prayer*)  
 How do you solve a problem like Maria?  
 How do you catch a cloud and pin it down?  
 How do you find a word that means Maria?

MARGARETTA: (*Crosses S.R.*)  
 A flibbertijibbet,

SOPHIA: (*Crosses S.L.*)  
 A will-o'-the-wisp,

BERTHE: (*Crosses S.R.*)

A clown.

ALL: Many a thing you know you'd like to tell her,  
Many a thing she ought to understand,  
(*SISTER SOPHIA crosses to MOTHER ABBESS.*)

MOTHER ABBESS:

But how do you make her stay?

(*SISTER BERTHE crosses to stool R. of table.*)

SOPHIA: And listen to all you say?

(*SISTER BERTHE sits down.*)

MARGARETTA:

How do you keep a wave upon the sand?

ALL: How do you solve a problem like Maria?

How do you hold a moonbeam in your hand?

(*On "hold," All hold out both hands.*)

BERTHE: Reverend Mother, may I just. . .

MOTHER ABBESS: Now, my children, I think I should talk  
to Maria instead of about her. I am grateful to you all.

(*The three sisters bow and exit U.R. There is a knock  
on the S.R. door. MOTHER ABBESS rises.*) Ave! (*MARIA  
enters. She has her arms folded across her chest with her  
hands concealed beneath the short cape of her habit.*)

Come here, my child. (*MARIA crosses D.C., kneels and  
kisses MOTHER ABBESS' ring.*) Sit down, Maria, I want  
to talk to you. (*MARIA sits on stool R. of desk.*)

MARIA: Yes—about last night. Reverend Mother, I was on  
my knees most of the night because I was late—and  
after you'd been so kind and given me permission to  
leave. . .

MOTHER ABBESS: (*Sits L. of desk*) It wasn't about your  
being late, Maria. . .

MARIA: I must have awakened half the Abbey before Sister  
Margaretta heard me and opened the gate.

MOTHER ABBESS: Maria, very few of us were asleep. We could only think that you had lost your way—and to be lost at night on that mountain!

MARIA: Reverend Mother, I couldn't be lost on that mountain. That's *my* mountain. I was brought up on it! It was that mountain that brought me to you.

MOTHER ABBESS: Oh. . . ?

MARIA: When I was a little girl I used to come down the mountain, climb a tree and look over into your garden. I'd see the sisters at work, and I'd hear them sing on their way to vespers. Many times I went back up that mountain in the dark—singing all the way. (*MARIA clasps her hands together and raises them above her head in an exuberant gesture. Then she catches herself, gives a guilty glance toward the MOTHER ABBESS, and puts her hands back beneath her cape.*) And that brings up another transgression—I was singing yesterday—and I was singing without your permission.

MOTHER ABBESS: Maria, it's only here in the Abbey that there is a rule about singing.

MARIA: That's the hardest rule of all for me. Sister Margaretta is always reminding me—but too late, after I've started singing.

MOTHER ABBESS: And the day you were singing in the garden at the top of your voice.

MARIA: But Mother, it's that kind of song.

MOTHER ABBESS: I came to the window and when you saw me you stopped.

MARIA: Yes—that's been on my mind ever since it happened.

MOTHER ABBESS: It's been on my mind, too. I wish you hadn't stopped. I used to sing that song when I was a child, and I can't quite remember—Please—



*(She gestures to MARIA to sing.)*

MARIA: *(Sitting, facing front, sings)*

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens,  
Bright copper kettles and warm woolen  
mittens,

*(MOTHER ABBESS starts to write.)*

Brown paper packages tied up with strings—  
These are a few of my favorite things.

*(MOTHER ABBESS motions MARIA to rise. MARIA drops her hands, rises, takes stage and enjoys herself.)*

Cream colored ponies and crisp apple  
strudels,

Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel  
with noodles,

Wild geese that fly with the moon on their  
wings—

These are a few of my favorite things.

Girls in white dresses with blue satin  
sashes,

Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eye-  
lashes,

Silver-white winters that melt into springs—  
These are a few of my favorite things.

When the dog bites,

When the bee stings,

When I'm feeling sad,

I simply remember my favorite things

And then I don't feel so bad!

*(Slaps desk for emphasis. Then looks embarrassed.)*

MOTHER ABBESS: *(Taps with her pencil)*

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens,

*(Rises, crosses D.L.)*

MOTHER ABBESS:

*(Cont'd.)*

Bright copper kettles and warm woolen  
mittens,

Brown paper packages tied up with strings—  
These are a few of my favorite things.

Cream colored ponies and crisp apple  
strudels,

Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel  
with noodles, *(Crosses S.R.)*

Wild geese that fly with the moon on their  
wings— *(MARIA sits D.S. edge of table.)*

These are a few of my favorite things.

*(MOTHER ABBESS looks at MARIA, who jumps off  
table.)*

Girls in white dresses with blue satin  
sashes,

Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eye-  
lashes,

Silver-white winters that melt into springs—  
These are a few of my favorite things.

When the dog bites,

*(Crosses C.S.—MARIA has back to audience.)*

When the bee stings,

When I'm feeling sad,

I simply remember my favorite things

And then I don't feel so bad'

MARIA:

When the dog bites,

MOTHER ABBESS:

When the bee stings,

BOTH:

When I'm feeling sad;

*(MOTHER ABBESS takes MARIA'S right hand.)*

I simply remember my favorite things

And then I don't feel so bad'



*(Swinging their arms 8 times, they end with their hands above their heads.)*

MARIA: *(D.C., R. of MOTHER ABBESS)* Mother! We were both singing at the top of our voices.

MOTHER ABBESS: *(Crosses above desk to L. of chair)* You're right. It's that kind of a song.

MARIA: And singing it always makes me feel better. Mother, where did you learn that song?

MOTHER ABBESS: I was brought up in the mountains myself. *(Motions MARIA to sit R. of desk.)* Maria. . . in spite of what you saw over the Abbey wall, you weren't prepared for the way we live, were you? *(Sits L. of desk.)*

MARIA: No, Mother, but I pray and I try.

MOTHER ABBESS: Tell me, Maria, what is the most important lesson you've learned here?

MARIA: To find out what is the will of God and to do it.

MOTHER ABBESS: Even if it is hard to accept?

MARIA: Even then.

MOTHER ABBESS: *(Rises, crosses D.L.C.)* Maria, the dress you wore when you came to us—is that still in the robing room?

MARIA: Why, no, Mother, I'm sure that's been given to the poor. Sister Margaretta said that when we enter the Abbey our worldly clothes. . . Reverend Mother, why do you ask?

MOTHER ABBESS: *(Crosses to below L. chair)* Maria, it seems to be the will of God that you leave us.

MARIA: Leave! Leave here! *(Rises.)* Oh, no! Mother, please no!

MOTHER ABBESS: For a while only, Maria.

MARIA: Don't send me away, Mother, please. This is what I want. This is my life.

MOTHER ABBESS: But are you ready for it? Perhaps if you go out into the world again for a time you will return to us knowing what we expect of you and that we do expect it.

MARIA: I know what you expect, Mother, and I'll do it. I promise.

MOTHER ABBESS: Maria.

MARIA: If it is God's will. Where am I to go?

MOTHER ABBESS: There's a family—a family of seven children—*(Sits L. of desk.)* you like children—you're very good with them. They need a governess until September.

MARIA: Until September!

MOTHER ABBESS: *(Writing an address on paper)* Captain von Trapp expects you this afternoon. He's a fine man—and a brave one. He was given the Maria Teresa medal by the Emperor. It was for heroism in the Adriatic.

MARIA: A Captain in the Navy! Oh, Mother, he'll be very strict.

MOTHER ABBESS: You're not being sent to his battleship. *(She hands MARIA the address. Abbey bells are heard. MARIA kneels. The MOTHER ABBESS makes the sign of the cross on MARIA'S forehead.)* God bless you, Maria. *(She starts out.)*

MARIA: Reverend Mother? Have I your permission to sing?

MOTHER ABBESS: Yes, my child. *(She exits L. MARIA rises. She looks about the room regretfully, then starts out singing to herself.)*

MARIA: These are a few of my favorite things.

*(SISTER BERTHE enters. She gives MARIA a reproachful look. MARIA stops singing and draws herself up spunkily.)* I have been given permission to sing. *(MARIA exits R. quickly. The Traveller Closes)*

ACT 1  
Scene 4

*A corridor in the Abbey. MARIA enters D.R. and sings as she crosses the stage.*

MARIA: *(Singing)*

Brown paper packages tied up with strings—

These are a few of my favorite things.

Girls in white dresses with blue satin  
sashes,

Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eye-  
lashes,

Silver-white winters that melt into springs—

These are a few of my favorite things.

*(SISTER MARGARETTA enters D.L. from the opposite side and they pass each other center stage.)*

When the dog bites,

When the bee stings,

When I'm feeling sad,

I simply remember my favorite things

And then I don't feel so bad!

*(MARIA exits D.L.)*

MARGARETTA: *(Shaking her head and singing)*

How do you hold a moonbeam in your hand?

*(She exits D.R. Dim Out)*

ACT 1  
Scene 5

*The living room of the Trapp villa. It is a beautiful large room, two stories high, baroque in style and handsomely furnished. D.L. there is a door to the dining room,*

above this are two large French windows, opening on a terrace. Through these windows can be seen a mountain not too far in the distance. Between the two windows is a magnificent porcelain stove. D.R. is a door to the CAPTAIN'S library. Upstage of this door a circular stairway curves to a second-floor landing, which forms a small balcony over the back of the living room. There is an exit, R., on the balcony, presumably leading to the other rooms on this floor. On the left of the balcony we see the first few steps of a curved staircase to the third floor. On the ground floor, upstage under the balcony, are double doors opening on the hallway which leads to the outer door of the house, off R. In the curve of the staircase are a small table and a side chair. Stage Left there is a sofa with a single chair at its right. A moment after the curtain has risen CAPTAIN GEORG VON TRAPP enters on the balcony from the R. He is dressed informally and is scanning a letter which he is holding in his hand. He stops at the railing of the balcony, takes a silver boatswain's whistle from his pocket and blows a distinctive signal on it. He waits a few seconds and, as no one answers, he repeats the signal. Then he starts down the stairs. Halfway down, seeing no one has appeared, he blows a different signal. Almost immediately, FRANZ, the butler, enters D.L. He is a man of middle-age who was previously the CAPTAIN'S orderly in the Imperial Navy. He is dressed in a butler's working apron, is wearing gloves and is carrying a metal tray and a polishing cloth.

FRANZ: Yes, sir?

CAPTAIN: I was calling the housekeeper and she didn't answer. Do you know why?

FRANZ: Sometimes she doesn't hear, sir.

FRAU SCHMIDT: (*Entering D.R.*) I'm sorry, sir, I was an

swering the telephone. Good day, sir. We're happy to have you home again.

CAPTAIN: Why did the last governess leave?

FRAU SCHMIDT: Who knows? She just said, "I've had enough of this," and walked out.

CAPTAIN: Why? Was Louisa playing tricks again?— Putting toads in her bed?

FRAU SCHMIDT: She didn't complain of that, sir.

CAPTAIN: (*Crosses L., reading letter*) Well, there's another one coming today. And this one can't walk out.

FRAU SCHMIDT: Oh?

CAPTAIN: She's coming from Nonnberg Abbey with orders to stay until September.

FRAU SCHMIDT: I hope you'll be at home for a time, sir.

CAPTAIN: Just until tomorrow. The telephone call—was it for me?

FRAU SCHMIDT: No, sir, it was for Franz. Before you arrived there was a call from Vienna—a Frau Schraeder. I have the number in the pantry.

CAPTAIN: (*Crosses D.R.*) I know the number. Oh, I shall be back in about a month with some guests.

FRAU SCHMIDT: Yes, sir. Do you know how many, sir?

CAPTAIN: Just two. Herr Detweiler—

FRANZ: Ah, Herr Detweiler.

CAPTAIN: And Frau Schraeder. (*He exits D.R.*)

FRANZ: Who wanted me on the telephone?

FRAU SCHMIDT: It was the post office. They've got a telegram for you. It will be delivered at seven o'clock.

FRANZ: Seven o'clock? That gives me five hours to be nervous.

FRAU SCHMIDT: (*Going up stairs*) With that scatter-brained boy delivering telegrams—

FRANZ: Well, that's one thing people are saying—if the Germans did take over Austria, we'd have efficiency.



FRAU SCHMIDT: Don't let the Captain hear you say that.  
(*The CAPTAIN whistles offstage. FRAU SCHMIDT stops short, bristling.*) He didn't whistle for us when his wife was alive.

FRANZ: He's being the captain of a ship again.  
(*The CAPTAIN whistles again.*)

FRAU SCHMIDT: I can't bear being whistled for—it's humiliating.

FRANZ: In the Imperial Navy, the bo's'un always whistled for us. (*We hear the doorbell.*)

FRAU SCHMIDT: But I wasn't in the Imperial Navy.

FRANZ: Too bad. You could have made a fortune. (*He exits into the hallway toward the outer door. FRAU SCHMIDT comes down the stairs and exits into the library D.R. FRANZ re-enters, followed by MARIA.*) You will wait here. (*He exits D.R. MARIA is wearing a dress that has been designed by an enemy of the female sex, and an unbecoming hat. She is carrying a small carpet bag and a guitar in its case. She comes down into the room timidly and looks around in awe at the handsome embellishments. She puts the guitar case down on the floor and starts toward the windows, touching the porcelain stove admiringly as she passes it. In the distance we hear the Abbey bells. She kneels and bows her head in a brief prayer. The CAPTAIN enters from the library D.R., the letter still in his hand. As he sees MARIA in prayer, he stops. MARIA crosses herself and rises.*)

CAPTAIN: I'm Captain von Trapp. You are Fraulein. . .

MARIA: Maria—Maria Rainer.

CAPTAIN: Now, Fraulein, as to your duties here—(*He suddenly becomes aware of her dress.*) Would you mind stepping over there? (*He indicates a spot in the center*

of the room. MARIA slowly moves to it.) Before the children meet you, you will put on another dress.

MARIA: I haven't any other dress. When we enter the Abbey our worldly clothes are given to the poor.

CAPTAIN: What about this one?

MARIA: The poor didn't want this one.

CAPTAIN: This is what you would call a worldly dress?

MARIA: It belonged to our last postulant. I would have made myself a dress but I wasn't given time. I can make my own clothes.

CAPTAIN: Good. I'll see that you're given some material—today if possible. Now, you will be in charge of my children. There are seven of them. You will find out how far they have progressed in their studies and carry on from there. Each morning will be spent in the classroom. Each afternoon, they march. You will see that at all times they conduct themselves with decorum and orderliness. The first rule in this house is discipline.

MARIA: Yes, sir.

*(The CAPTAIN takes out his silver whistle and blows a siren-like summoning blast which continues while his children enter from both sides of the balcony, the outside door, the French windows and the library, and end by forming a single line with GRETEL and MARTA on the stairs, KURT, LOUISA, FRIEDRICH and LIESL, in that order, on the balcony behind them. They are dressed in white sailor uniforms; the girls, of course, in white skirts. The CAPTAIN changes his signal to one that marks time for marching, and, led by GRETEL, they march down the stairs and, with a military left turn at the foot of the stairs, line up across the stage. MARIA has watched this with considerable astonishment. There is an empty space between MARTA and KURT. Slowly through the diningroom door, BRIG-*

*ITTA enters, reading a book. The CAPTAIN sees her, takes the book away from her, puts it on the sofa, and gives her an admonishing pat on the behind, which sends her running to take her place in formation. The CAPTAIN crosses in front of them to the other side of LIESL and addresses them.)*

CAPTAIN: This is your new fraulein—Fraulein Maria. As I sound your signal you will step forward and repeat your name. You, Fraulein, will listen and learn their signals so that you can call them when you want them.

*(He whistles their various signals. Each child responds to his or her signal, stepping forward in a military manner, announcing his or her name, then stepping back into line. The CAPTAIN crosses below the children to MARIA, taking from his pocket a velvet case which holds another boatswain's whistle. He hands it to MARIA.)* Now, Fraulein, let's see how well you listened. *(MARIA, slightly bewildered, takes the whistle from its case. The CAPTAIN crosses D.R.)*

MARIA: I won't have to whistle for them, Reverend Captain—What I mean is, I'll be with them all the time.

CAPTAIN: Not on all occasions. This is a large house and a large estate. They have been taught to come only when they hear their signal. Now when I want you, this is what you'll hear. *(The CAPTAIN whistles the governess' signal.)*

MARIA: You won't have to trouble, sir, because I couldn't answer to a whistle.

CAPTAIN: That's nonsense. Everyone in this house answers to a whistle. I'll show you. *(He whistles the butler's signal.)*

FRANZ: *(Entering D.R. and coming to attention)* Yes, sir?

CAPTAIN: This is my orderly—my butler. The new governess—Fraulein Maria. *(He whistles the housekeeper's signal.)*



FRAU SCHMIDT: *(Entering on the balcony)* Yes, sir?

CAPTAIN: That is the executive officer, Frau Schmidt, the housekeeper. Fraulein Maria. Please be sure that her room is ready.

FRAU SCHMIDT: Yes, sir.

*(FRANZ takes MARIA's bag and goes upstairs to landing, joining FRAU SCHMIDT.)*

CAPTAIN: Well, I shall now leave you with the children.

*You are in command. (He starts out D.R. MARIA blows a blast on the whistle. He stops and turns.)*

MARIA: Pardon me, sir—I don't know how to address you.

CAPTAIN: You will call me Captain.

MARIA: *(Crosses to CAPTAIN)* Thank you, Captain. I forgot to return this whistle, Captain. I won't need it, Captain. *(He takes the whistle and exits D.R. FRANZ and FRAU SCHMIDT exit to third floor. She turns to children with a handclap, catching them off guard.)* Well, now that there's just us, would you tell me your names again, and tell me how old you are. Now you're—?

*(Each child, in turn, steps forward in military manner, speaks, and then steps back.)*

LIESL: I'm Liesl. I'm sixteen years old and I don't need a governess.

MARIA: *(R. of LIESL)* I'm glad you told me. We'll just be friends. *(LIESL steps back. FRIEDRICH steps forward.)*

FRIEDRICH: I'm Friedrich. I'm fourteen. I'm a boy.

MARIA: *(R. of FRIEDRICH)* Boy? Why, you're almost a man.

*(FRIEDRICH looks pleased. LOUISA signals the other girls, who giggle.)*

LOUISA: I'm Brigitta.

MARIA: *(Crosses behind LOUISA, pulling up her braid)* You didn't tell me how old you are, Louisa.

BRIGITTA: (*Steps L. of MARIA*) I'm Brigitta. She's Louisa and she's thirteen years old and you're smart. I'm nine and I think your dress is the ugliest one I ever saw.

KURT: (*Steps R. of MARIA*) Brigitta, you mustn't say a thing like that.

BRIGITTA: Why not? Don't you think it's ugly?

KURT: If I did think so, I wouldn't say so. (*Snapping to attention.*) I'm Kurt, I'm eleven—almost.

MARIA: That's a nice age to be, eleven—almost.

MARTA: (*Steps forward L. of MARIA, pulling her skirt*) I'm Marta and I'm going to be seven on Tuesday and I'd like a pink parasol.

MARIA: Pink is my favorite color, too. (*GRETLE steps forward and stamps her foot.*) And you're Gretl. (*GRETLE smiles and jumps into her arms. MARIA crosses L.C.*) I'm going to tell you something. (*MARIA sits on chair R. of sofa, puts GRETLE on floor R. of her.*) I've never been a governess before. How do I start?

LOUISA: (*Runs to MARIA*) You mean you don't know anything about being a governess?

MARIA: No.

LOUISA: Well, the first thing you have to do is to tell Father to mind his own business.

KURT: No, Louisa, don't. I like her.

BRIGITTA: (*Above chair, picking up guitar case*) What's in here?

MARIA: My guitar.

BRIGITTA: What did you bring this for?

MARIA: For when we all sing together.

MARTA: (*BRIGITTA takes guitar out of case*) We don't sing.

MARIA: Of course you sing. Everybody sings. What songs so you know?

KURT: We don't know any songs.

MARIA: (*Taking guitar from BRIGITTA*) You don't?

ALL: No.

MARIA: Well . . . Now I know where to start. I'm going to teach you how to sing. (*Sings.*)

Let's start at the very beginning,

A very good place to start.

When you read you begin with

GRETLE: (*Leaning over to MARIA*)

A, B, C,

MARIA: When you sing you begin with do-re-mi.

CHILDREN: Do-re-mi?

MARIA: Do-re-mi, .

The first three notes just happen to be

Do-re-mi,

CHILDREN: Do-re-mi!

MARIA: (*Stands*)

Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti (*Speaks*)

Come, I'll make it easier. Listen. (*Puts on guitar, crosses, sits on couch, sings.*)

Doe—a deer, a female deer,

Ray—a drop of golden sun,

Me—a name I call myself,

Far—a long, long way to run,

Sew—a needle pulling thread,

La—a note to follow sew,

Tea—a drink with jam and bread

That will bring us back to Doe—oh—oh—oh!

GRETLE: Do—

MARIA: A deer, a female deer,

CHILDREN: Re—

MARIA: A drop of golden sun,

Mi—a name I call myself,

Fa—a long, long way to run,

So—

*(MARIA rises, crosses C.S.)*

ALL: A needle pulling thread,  
La—a note to follow so,  
Ti—a drink with jam and bread

MARIA: That will bring us back to—

CHILDREN: *(Crossing in to MARIA)*

Doe, a deer, a female deer,  
Ray, a drop of golden sun,  
Me, a name I call myself,  
Far, a long, long way to run,  
Sew, a needle pulling thread,

*(Cross back to R. of sofa and slap their knees in rhythm.)*

La, a note to follow so,  
Tea, a drink with jam and bread

MARIA: That will bring us back to doe.

Do re mi fa so la ti do

CHILDREN: So do!

BRIGITTA: *(Speaks, crosses to MARIA)* Is that what you  
call a song? Do re mi fa so and so on?

MARIA: *(Speaks)* No. Do re mi fa so and so on are only the  
tools we use to build a song. Once we have these notes  
in our heads we can sing a million different tunes.

FRIEDRICH: How?

MARIA: By mixing them up. Listen. *(Sings.)*

So do la fa mi do re. *(Crosses S.R. Speaks.)*

Now you do it.

CHILDREN: *(Sing)* So do la fa mi do re.

MARIA: So do la ti do re do.

CHILDREN: So do la ti do re do.

MARIA: *(Speaks)* Now, let's put it all together.

CHILDREN: *(Sing)*

So do la fa mi do re

So do la ti do re do.

BRIGETTA: (*Speaks*) But it doesn't mean anything.

MARIA: (*Speaks*) So we put in words—one word for every note. (*Sings*)

When you know the notes to sing  
You can sing most anything.

BRIGITTA: (*Speaks*) You said one word for every note?

MARIA: Yes, Brigitta, I did.

BRIGITTA: (*Speaks*) But when you sing— (*Sings.*)  
“anything”

(*Speaks*) you are using up three notes on one word.

MARIA: Yes. That's right. Well, sometimes we do that.

Now, altogether. And— (*Hands BRIGITTA guitar who puts it behind sofa.*)

ALL: (*Sing*) When you know the notes to sing  
You can sing most anything.

GRETLE: (*MARIA leads her S.R.*)

Doe,

ALL: A deer, a female deer,

MARIA: (*Marches to join GRETLE*)

Ray,

ALL: A drop of golden sun.

BRIGITTA: (*Curtsies to MARIA and joins the first two*)

Me,

ALL: A name I call myself,

KURT: (*Shakes MARIA's hand and crosses*)

Far,

ALL: A long, long way to run.

LOUISA: (*MARIA holds her pigtail as she crosses*)

Sew,

ALL: A needle pulling thread,

FRIEDRICH: (*Bows to MARIA and crosses*)

La,

ALL: A note to follow sew.

LIESL: *(Joining the others)*

Tea,

ALL: A drink with jam and bread  
That will bring us back to doe.

*(MARIA crosses in front of children and then goes behind them. She taps them on head as if playing a xylophone. They sing: "Do" GRETLE, "Re" MARTA, "Mi" BRIGITTA, "Fa" KURT, "So" LOUISA, "La" FRIEDRICH, "Ti" LIESEL.)*

CHILDREN: *(Carillon effect as MARIA gestures to them)*

Do re mi fa so la ti do, do

Ti la so fa mi re

Do mi mi mi so so

Re fa fa la ti ti

Do mi mi mi so so

Re fa fa la ti ti

Do mi mi mi so so

Re fa fa la ti ti

Do mi mi mi so so

Re fa fa la ti ti

Do mi mi mi so so

Re fa fa la ti ti

. . . anything.

MARIA: *(Sings)*

When you

know the

notes to

sing

You can

sing most

MARIA: When you know the notes to sing  
You can sing most anything.

ALL: *(Led by MARIA, all march around the room and back to sofa where MARIA sits and children group around her)*

Doe, a deer, a female deer,

Ray, a drop of golden sun,

Me, a name I call myself,

Far, a long, long way to run.

Sew, a needle pulling thread,



CHILDREN: A needle pulling thread  
MARIA: La, a note to follow sew  
CHILDREN: A note to follow sew  
MARIA: Tea, a drink with jam and bread  
CHILDREN: Jam and bread  
MARIA: *(Rising)*  
That will bring us back to doe  
ALL: *(Children crowd around MARIA)*  
That will bring us back to  
*(MARIA goes down the scale until her final "Do" is practically bass.)*  
MARIA: Do ti la so fa mi re do  
ALL: *(Singing with a happy laugh)*  
Do.  
*(Blackout)*

ACT I  
Scene 6

*Outside the villa. A shallow scene showing the villa and wall that runs around it. D.L.C. is a stone bench. After a moment LIESL enters D.R., turns and waves to someone offstage.*

LIESL: Good night, Rolf.

ROLF: *(Walking on with his bicycle)* Liesl!

LIESL: *(Going to him)* Yes?.

ROLF: You don't have to say good night this early just because your father's home—

LIESL: How did you know my father was home?

ROLF: Oh, I have a way of knowing things.

LIESL: You're wonderful.

ROLF: *(Resting the bicycle on its stand)* Oh, no, I'm not—really.

LIESL: (*Crosses D.L.*) Oh, yes, you are. I mean—how did you know two days ago that you would be here at just this time tonight with a telegram for Franz?

ROLF: (*Following her*) Every year on this date he always gets a birthday telegram from his sister.

LIESL: You see—you *are* wonderful.

ROLF: Can I come again tomorrow night?

LIESL: (*Sitting on the bench*) Rolf, you can't be sure you're going to have a telegram to deliver here tomorrow night.

ROLF: (*Sitting beside her*) I could come here by mistake—with a telegram for Colonel Schneider. He's here from Berlin. He's staying with the Gauleiter but I—(*Suddenly concerned.*) No one's supposed to know he's here. Don't you tell your father.

LIESL: Why not?

ROLF: Well, your father's pretty Austrian.

LIESL: We're all Austrian.

ROLF: Some people think we ought to be German. They're pretty mad at those who don't think so. They're getting ready to—well, let's hope your father doesn't get into any trouble. (*He goes to his bicycle.*)

LIESL: (*Rising*) Don't worry about father. He was decorated for bravery.

ROLF: I know. I don't worry about him. The only one I worry about is his daughter.

LIESL: (*Above bench*) Me? Why?

(*ROLF gestures to her to stand on the bench. She does and he studies her.*)

ROLF: How old are you, Liesl?

LIESL: Sixteen—What's wrong with that?

ROLF: (*Singing*)

You wait, little girl, on an empty stage  
For fate to turn the light on,



Your life, little girl, is an empty page  
                    That men will want to write on.  
LIESL:            To write on.  
ROLF:              You are sixteen going on seventeen,  
                    Baby, it's time to think.  
                    Better beware,  
                    Be canny and careful  
                    Baby, you're on the brink.

                    You are sixteen going on seventeen,  
                    Fellows will fall in line.  
                    Eager young lads  
                    And roués and cads  
                    Will offer you food and wine.

                    Totally unprepared are you  
                    To face a world of men.  
                    Timid and shy and scared are you  
                    Of things beyond your ken.  
                    You need someone older and wiser  
                    Telling you what to do.

*(LIESL sits on the bench.)*

                    I am seventeen going on eighteen,  
                    *(ROLF sits and puts his arm around her shoulder.)*  
                    I'll take care of you.

*(LIESL dances. At the end of the dance ROLF gets on  
                    his bicycle as if to leave; LIESL hurries to him.)*

LIESL: *(Singing)*

                    I am sixteen going on seventeen,  
                    I know that I'm naive,  
                    Fellows I meet  
                    May tell me I'm sweet  
                    And willingly I'll believe.

I am sixteen going on seventeen,  
Innocent as a rose.

*(ROLF moves bicycle D.S. She follows.)*

Bachelor dandies,  
Drinkers of Brandies,  
What do I know of those?

*(ROLF moves bicycle slowly S.R. LIESL follows.)*

Totally unprepared am I  
To face a world of men,  
Timid and shy and scared am I  
Of things beyond my ken.  
I need someone older and wiser.

*(She grabs ROLF by back of jacket.)*

Telling me what to do,

*(ROLF puts bicycle S.L. and crosses back to LIESL.)*

You are seventeen going on eighteen,  
I'll depend on you. *(Dance)*

*(She assumes doll-like position. He corrects her by moving her arms. He snaps his fingers and she does a Spanish step. She starts to waltz and gets confused because she does not know what to do with her arms. He then directs her, and she does a dance at the end of which she puts her arms around him. They kiss tentatively, then she puts his arm around her waist and they kiss more fervently. ROLF breaks away in confusion, jumps on his bicycle and races off D.R. LIESL, feeling she has made progress, jumps with joy and shouts "Yow!" She runs off D.L.)*

*(Blackout)*

ACT I  
Scene 7

*Maria's Bedroom. The gabled ceiling suggests it is on the top floor of the villa. The door from the hallway is in the upstage wall. At the left of this door is a wardrobe with double doors. The left wall slants away from this and in it is a window. To the right of the door to the hall is an alcove, curtained off with drapes of yellow and brown cretonne, matching the drapes of the window. Below the alcove, in a jog, is MARIA's double brass bed with a thick eider-down comforter. Guitar case on floor D.S. of window. There is a knocking on the door.*

FRAU SCHMIDT: *(Off)* Fraulein Maria! *(She enters U.C. carrying a bolt of cloth.)* Fraulein Maria, it's Frau Schmidt.

MARIA: *(Off)* I'm getting ready for bed.

FRAU SCHMIDT: The Captain is going to Vienna tomorrow. I have this material he ordered for a new dress for you.

MARIA: *(Off)* Oh, how nice of him. *(She enters from the alcove, wearing a nightgown under a dressing robe. FRAU SCHMIDT hands her the bolt of material.)* Even before it's made, this is the prettiest dress I've ever had. I hope the Captain will like it because I want to ask him for more material.

FRAU SCHMIDT: More?

MARIA: Oh, not for me—for the children. For play clothes. *(She takes the material into the alcove.)*

FRAU SCHMIDT: The Von Trapp children never play. *(Crosses to the window and closes the curtains.)* The Captain doesn't like them to get dirty.

MARIA: *(Re-entering)* But they're children. They have to climb trees, roll on the grass. Think of all the rocks and caves—

FRAU SCHMIDT: The Captain says the best exercise is marching. The children will continue to march. I hope you find your room comfortable.

MARIA: Yes, thank you.

FRAU SCHMIDT: (*Going to the bed and adjusting the eider-down comforter*) There will be new curtains for the window and the alcove. They will be hung tomorrow.

MARIA: (*At the window*) But these curtains are very good.

FRAU SCHMIDT: There will be new curtains.

MARIA: (*Measuring the drapes at arm's length from her nose*, Will the Captain be away long?

FRAU SCHMIDT: I don't know. Of course he has to come home every time he hires a new governess. I sometimes think the children get rid of their governesses just because they want to see their father.

MARIA: (*Picking up her guitar case*) He must want to see them, too.

FRAU SCHMIDT: Since his wife died, they remind him too much of her. (*Seeing the guitar.*) You can put that away. You won't be using it.

MARIA: Why not?

FRAU SCHMIDT: The Captain won't have music here.

MARIA: He won't have music???

FRAU SCHMIDT: And he used to love music. There were wonderful evenings here. His wife would sing and he would play the violin or guitar. But now he's shut all that out of his life.

MARIA: So that's why he's the way he is. But not to have music—that's wrong for him and wrong for the children, too. (*She puts the guitar in the alcove.*)

FRAU SCHMIDT: It will work out. The Captain may marry again before the summer is over.

MARIA: *(Re-entering)* That would change everything. They'd have a mother again.

FRAU SCHMIDT: *(Dismissingly)* It's going to rain. You'd better close your window. *(She exits U.S. MARIA goes to the bed and kneels in prayer.)*

MARIA: Dear God, I know now that You have sent me here on a mission. I must help these children to love their new mother and prepare them to win her love so she will never want them to leave her. And I pray that this will become a happy family in Thy sight. God bless the Captain, God bless Liesl, and Friedrich, Louisa, Brigitta, Marta, and little Gretl—and oh, yes, I forgot the other boy—what's his name? Well, God bless what's-his-name! *(There is lightning and thunder. LIESL enters through the window. Her dress is smudged with dirt. She tiptoes to the hall door. MARIA sees her out of the corner of her eye, but continues.)* God bless the Reverend Mother, and Sister Margareta and everybody at Nonnberg Abbey. And now, dear God, about Liesl—*(LIESL stops and gives MARIA a startled look.)* Help her to know that I am her friend and help her to tell me what she's up to.

LIESL: Are you going to tell on me?

MARIA: *(Silencing her with a gesture)* Help me to be understanding so that I may guide her footsteps. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. *(MARIA rises.)*

LIESL: *(Crosses C.)* I was out taking a walk and somebody locked the doors earlier than usual—and I didn't want to wake everybody up—so when I saw your window open—You're not going to tell Father, are you?

MARIA: *(Looking out the window)* Did you climb that trellis to get up here?



LIESL: That's how we always got into this room to play tricks on the governess. (*Proudly.*) Louisa can climb it with a toad in her hand.

MARIA: Liesl, were you out walking all by yourself? (*LIESL shakes her head negatively.*) You know, if we wash that dress out tonight, nobody would notice it tomorrow. Then all this would be just between you and me. You could put this on— (*She takes off her robe and puts it around LIESL'S shoulders.*) Take your dress in there— and put it to soak in the bathtub. (*Thunder and lightning. They embrace each other in fright.*) Then come back here and sit on the edge of my bed and we'll have a talk.

LIESL: I told you today I didn't need a governess. Well, maybe I do. (*She exits into the alcove. Lightning and thunder. MARIA jumps, then crosses to the bed and peers under the comforter looking for possible toads. GRETL enters U.C. in her night dress.*)

MARIA: Oh, it's you, Gretl. Are you afraid? (*GRETL shakes her head. Thunder and lightning. GRETL jumps up on the bed with MARIA.*) You're not afraid of a thunderstorm, are you? You just stay right here with me. Where are the other

GRETL: They're asleep. They're not scared. (*Thunder and lightning. BRIGITTA, LOUISA and MARTA run on U.C. in their nightdresses.*)

MARTA: Wait for me.

MARIA: (*To GRETL*) Oh, no? Look. (*To the others.*) Come, all of you. Up on the bed. (*All three girls jump up on the bed.*) Now all we have to do is wait for the boys.

LOUISA: We won't see them! Boys are brave. (*Thunder and lightning. KURT and FRIEDRICH enter U.C. in their pajamas.*)

MARIA: You boys aren't frightened, too, are you?

KURT: Oh, no. We just wanted to be sure you weren't.

MARIA: Was this your idea, Friedrich?

FRIEDRICH: Oh, no. It was Kurt's.

MARIA: That's it, Kurt. That's the one I left out.

*(Looking up.)* God bless Kurt.

*(Lightning and thunder. The boys run and cower at the foot of the bed.)*

MARTA: Why does it do that?

MARIA: Well, the lightning says something to the thunder and the thunder answers it back.

MARTA: I wish it wouldn't answer so loud.

MARIA: Maybe if we all sing loud enough we won't hear the thunder. *(The children climb off the bed and sit in semicircle at its foot. MARIA sits on D.S. edge of bed. The children are in the following order from S.R.: KURT, MARTA, GRETL, BRIGITTA, LOUISA, FRIEDRICH. MARIA sings.)*

High on a hill was a lonely goatherd,  
Layee odl, layee odl layee oo  
Loud was the voice of the lonely goatherd,  
Layee odl, layee odl oo.  
Folks in a town that was quite remote, heard  
Layee odl, layee odl layee oo  
Lusty and clear from the goatherd's throat,  
heard  
Layee odl, layee odl oo.  
O ho lay-dee odl lee o  
O ho lay-dee odl ay!  
O ho lay-dee odl lee o  
Lay-dee odl lee-o-lay!

A prince on the bridge of a castle moat, heard  
Layee odl, layee odl layee oo  
Men on a road with a load to tote, heard  
Layee odl layee odl oo  
Men in the midst of a table d'hôte, heard  
Layee odl layee odl layee oo.

Men drinking beer with the foam afloat, heard  
Layee odl layee odl oo.  
O ho lay-dee odl lee o  
O ho lay-dee odl ay  
O ho lay-dee odl lee o  
Lay-dee odl lee o lay.

*(Lightning and thunder. GRETLE jumps on bed. Others cower.)*

One little girl in a pale pink coat, heard  
Layee odl, layee odl layee oo.  
She yodeled back to the lonely goatherd,  
Layee odl layee odl oo  
Soon her Mama with a gleaming gloat, heard  
Layee odl layee odl layee oo  
What a duet for a girl and goatherd!  
Layee odl layee odl oo.

*(Other girls jump on bed.)*

O ho lay-dee odl lee o  
O ho lay-dee odl ay!  
O ho lay-dee odl lee o  
Lay-dee odl lee-o-lay!

Happy are they-lay-dee o lay dee lee o

*(All sway in rhythm.)*

Olay-dee o laydee laydee o,  
Soon the duet become a trio!  
Layee odl, layee odl ay.  
Hodl layee

LIESL: *(Sticking her head out of the alcove)*

Ho-dl lay-ee

MARIA: Ho-dl layee

LIESL: Ho-dl lay-ee

MARIA: Ho-dl layee

LIESL: Ho-dl lay-ee

MARIA: Ho-dl lay-ee

*(FREDRICH hides in the wardrobe. GRETLE pulls LIESL into the room.)*



CHILDREN: O ho lay-dee odl lee o  
 O ho lay-dee odl ay!  
 O ho lay-dee odl lee o  
 Lay-dee odl lee-o-lay!

MARIA: One little girl in a pale pink coat, heard

FREDRICH: (*Sticking his head out of the wardrobe*)  
 Layee odl, layee odl layee oo

MARIA: She yodled back to the lonely goatherd

GRETL: (*Pulling FREDRICH from the wardrobe*)  
 Layee odl layee odl oo

MARIA: (*Marching D.L.C. Children get in place*)  
 What a duet for a girl and goatherd!

CHILDREN: (*On knees-shift formation facing front*)  
 Layee odl, layee odl oo.

ALL: (*Children mime playing band instruments*)  
 O ho, lay-dee odl lee o  
 O ho, lay-dee odl ay!  
 O ho, lay-dee odl lee o  
 Laydee odl lee-o-ay

MARIA: Happy are they lay-dee o lay-dee lee ol  
 O lay dee o lay dee lay dee o  
 Soon the duet will become a trio!  
 Layee odl, layee odl lay  
 (*Cupped hand call off R.*)  
 Ho dl lay ee

CHILDREN: (S.R.)  
 Ho dl lay ee

MARIA: (*Cupped hand call off L.*)  
 Ho odl lay ee

CHILDREN: (S.L)  
 Ho odl lay ee

MARIA: (*To R*) Ho odl lay hee hee

CHILDREN: (R.S.)

Ho dl lay hee hee

MARIA: (To L. Arms up)

Ho dl layee

MARIA: Hodl layee

CHILDREN: (BRIGITTA, LOUISA, MARTA jump on bed)

Hodl layee

MARIA: Hodl layee

CHILDREN: (GRET, FREDRICH jump on bed)

Hodl layee

MARIA: Hodl layee

CHILDREN: Hodl layee

MARIA: (Jumping on bed)

Ho dlayee odl, layee odl ay.

(All fall except MARIA.)

(Thunder and Balckout)

ACT I

Scene 8

A hallway in the Trapp villa. GRETL enters D.R. carrying a lighted candle, followed by MARTA, BRIGITTA and LOUISA. LOUISA has hold of GRETL's nightdress; BRIGITTA holds LOUISA's, and MARTA, BRIGITTA's. There is a rumble of thunder. They hesitate, then go on, and GRETL starts to sing bravely, but tremulously.

GRETL: O ho lay dee odl lee o  
O ho lay dee odl ay  
O ho lay dee odl lee o.

(Thunder crash. MARTA, LOUISA and BRIGITTA turn around and run off R. GRETL, who is not aware of this, continues, then senses something is wrong. She reaches be-

*hind her for the others, turns and sees she is alone. There is a clap of thunder. She runs off D.L. Blackout)*

**ACT I**

**Scene 9**

*The terrace of the Trapp villa. The villa is S.R. Since the terrace is off the living room, people entering from the house come through the French windows which we have seen in the living room. Over these windows is a striped awning. Convenient to these windows are a terrace table and two chairs. On the table is a tray with coffee service. From the upstage end of the house a short balustrade starts toward S.L., a potted plant on its terminal post. There is an exit toward the gardens on S.L. between this balustrade and a boxwood hedge on the left side of the terrace. In front of this hedge is a garden bench and a stool. The view the audience sees beyond the villa is of the Alps. At Rise: FRANZ is standing behind the table, pouring coffee. ELSA SCHRAEDER, a handsome woman in her late thirties, cosmopolitan, alert and attractive, is seated left of the table admiring the view of other mountains somewhere beyond the audience. CAPTAIN VON TRAPP is standing center, admiring ELSA.*

CAPTAIN: Franz, did you tell Herr Detweiler we're having coffee out here?

FRANZ: Yes, sir. Herr Detweiler is still on the telephone.

*(URSULA enters from the house with a tray of pastry.)*

URSULA: *(Offering tray)* Frau Schraeder?

ELSA: Oh, thank you. *(ELSA takes a small plate of lady-fingers and puts it on the table. URSULA exits into the house.)*

CAPTAIN: No sign of the children, Franz?

FRANZ: Not yet, sir. *(FRANZ exits into house.)*

ELSA: (*Rising, taking his arm, crosses D.C.*) Georg, those mountains—they're magnificent!

CAPTAIN: Yes, they're not like any other mountains—they're friendly. Look, that green stretch of woods over there—when the wind moves through it, it's like a restless sea.

ELSA: And that sweet little village.

CAPTAIN: That's not a village. That's a town.

ELSA: Oh, I'm sorry—I didn't mean to hurt its feelings.

CAPTAIN: (*Crosses in to her*) It's fun being with you. You're quite an experience for me.

ELSA: You're quite an experience for me, too. Somewhere in you there's a fascinating man. Occasionally I catch a glimpse of him, and when I do, he's exciting. (*She sits L. of table.*)

CAPTAIN: (*Crosses up to L. of her*) Exciting? I've never been called exciting before.

ELSA: I'm beginning to understand you better now that I see you here— You know, you're a little like those mountains— (*He crosses D.L.C.*) except that you keep moving. How can you be away from this place as much as you are?

CAPTAIN: Maybe I've been searching for a reason to come back here to stay.

ELSA: Georg, I like it here very much.

CAPTAIN: (*Embarrassed*) Max can't still be on the telephone. (*Crosses above coffee table—R. of ELSA.*) I know he's desperate about getting singers for the Kaltzberg Festival but— (*To ELSA.*) You like it here?

ELSA: Oh, we'd have to spend some time in Vienna. I have Heinrich's estate to look after.

CAPTAIN: I thought that was a corporation now.

ELSA: It is, and I'm president.

CAPTAIN: You president of a corporation!

ELSA: After all, I managed Heinrich's affairs for years before he died.

CAPTAIN: I can't see you sitting behind a desk. *(He sits R. of coffee table.)*

ELSA: Well, of course, I wear a business suit and smoke a big cigar. *(FRANZ enters from the house.)*

FRANZ: Excuse me, Captain, Herr Detweiler would like his coffee.

CAPTAIN: While he's telephoning?

FRANZ: He just finished.

*(FRANZ pours a cup of coffee. MAX DETWEILER enters. He is charming and vital. He carries a small notebook and pencil.)*

MAX: I'm sorry I took so long.

CAPTAIN: Any luck?

MAX: How would you like this for the Kaltzberg Festival—the finest choral group in Austria, the greatest mixed quartet in all Europe—and the best soprano in the world?

ELSA: Max, that's something I'd love to hear!

MAX: So would I. *(MAX sits on stool D.L.)* All I've got up to now is a basso who isn't even profundo.

*(FRANZ exits into the house.)*

ELSA: Max, you always come up with a good Festival Concert.

*(The CAPTAIN takes MAX a cup of coffee with a piece of pastry on the saucer.)*

MAX: And why? Because my motto is: "Never start out looking for the people you wind up getting." That's why I've been telephoning Paris, Rome, Stockholm, London—

ELSA: On Georg's telephone?

MAX: How else could I afford it? Why am I up here?

CAPTAIN: I hoped it was because you liked me.

MAX: Of course I like you. Why shouldn't I like you? You live like a king. You have an excellent wine cellar—

ELSA: Max!

MAX: I like rich people. I like the way they live. I like the way I live when I'm with them. *(We hear the Abbey bells.)*  
Speaking as a government official, I—Georg, is there a cathedral around here?

CAPTAIN: That's our Abbey—Nonnberg Abbey.

MAX: Do they have a choir?

CAPTAIN: A beautiful one.

MAX: Good! In the next few days I have to visit all these towns around here and listen to saengerbunds, choirs, quartets—

CAPTAIN: You'll be here for meals, won't you?

MAX: Oh, yes! *(MAX rises and looks off over the heads of the audience, where MAX plainly sees a mountain village.)* It was in a town just about that size—Watzmann—where I discovered the St. Ignatius Boys Choir. In 1930 they won the Festival, became very famous, toured all over the world.

ELSA: Oh, yes—whatever became of them?

MAX: By the time their voices changed they were rich enough to live in America. *(Indicating.)* Who lives in that dilapidated castle down there? Rumpelstiltskin?

CAPTAIN: Baron Elberfeld. The oldest family in the valley.

ELSA: I'd like to meet him. I'd like to meet all your friends. Georg, why don't you give a dinner for me while I'm here? Nothing very much—just something lavish.

CAPTAIN: I wouldn't know whom to invite. Today it's difficult to tell who's a friend and who's an enemy.

ELSA: This isn't a good time to make enemies. Let's make some friends.

*(Wishing to change the subject, the CAPTAIN goes upstage and looks off.)*

CAPTAIN: I can't understand what's happened to the children.

ELSA: You're not worried about them, are you?



CAPTAIN: They should have been here to welcome you.

ELSA: It couldn't have been an intentional slight because they haven't met me yet.

CAPTAIN: Forgive me, I'll try to find them. *(He exits U.L.)*

MAX: Elsa, have you made up Georg's mind yet? Is he going to marry you?

ELSA: Oh, yes! He hasn't admitted it yet. There seems to be something standing in his way.

MAX: *(Crosses C.)* You don't know what it is?

ELSA: No.

MAX: I do.

ELSA: *(Rises)* What?

MAX: It's very simple. It's money. *(Takes her arm, crosses D.C.)*

ELSA: Money?

MAX: Yes. He's rich and you're rich. *(He sings, D.C. ELSA crosses D.R.)*

In all the famous love affairs  
The lovers have to struggle.  
In garret rooms away upstairs  
The lovers starve and snuggle.  
They're famous for misfortune which  
They seem to have no fear of,  
While lovers who are very rich  
You very seldom hear of.

CAPTAIN: *(Enters U.L. and crosses D.R.C. Speaking)*  
Not a sign of them anywhere. . . *(MAX pushes ELSA towards CAPTAIN.)*

ELSA: *(Clutching CAPTAIN)*

No little shack do you share with me,  
We do not flee from a mortgagee,  
Nary a care in the world have we—

*(She crosses to MAX.)*

MAX: How can love survive?

ELSA: (*Crosses back to CAPTAIN*)

You're fond of bonds and you own a lot,  
I have a plane and a diesel yacht,

MAX: (*Between ELSA and CAPTAIN*)

Plenty of nothing you haven't got!

MAX and ELSA:

How can love survive?

ELSA: (S.R.) No rides for us

On the top of a bus

In the face of the freezing breezes—

MAX: You reach your goals

(*To the CAPTAIN.*)

In your comfy old Rolls!

(*To ELSA.*)

Or in one of your Mercedeses! (*Signal.*)

ELSA: (*Moving back*)

Far, very far off the beam are we,

Quaint and bizarre as a team are we,

Two millionaires with a dream are we,

We're keeping romance alive,

Two millionaires with a dream are we—

We'll make our love survive. . .

No little cold water flat have we,

(*Moving to C.*)

Warmed by the glow of insolvency—

MAX: (*Stopping CAPTAIN*)

Up to your necks in security,

How can love survive?

ELSA: How can I show what I feel for you?

I cannot go out and steal for you

(*Takes MAX's kerchief.*)

I cannot die like Camille for you—

How can love survive?

(*Crosses and returns kerchief.*)

MAX: *(Calling them to him)*

You millionaires  
With financial affairs  
Are too busy for simple pleasure.  
When you are poor  
It is toujours l'amour—

*(Bending ELSA back.)*

For l'amour all the poor have leisure!

ELSA: *(To the CAPTAIN)*

Caught in our gold-plated chains are we,  
Lost in our wealthy domains are we,

*(Crosses C.)*

Trapped by our capital gains are we—

*(Holds CAPTAIN.)*

But we'll keep romance alive—

*(MAX turns out his empty trouser pockets.)*

MAX: Trapped by our capital gains are we

ELSA: We'll make our love survive!

*(At the end of the number, ROLF enters U.L., looking for LIESL. He is concentrating on the upstairs windows of the villa so completely, he doesn't see the others.)*

CAPTAIN: *(to ROLF)* What do you want?

ROLF: *(Startled)* Oh, Captain. . . I don't see, I mean, I didn't know. . . er, uh, . . . Heil! *(He holds his hand up in salute.)*

CAPTAIN: *(Icily)* Who are you?

ROLF: I have a telegram for Herr Detweiler.

MAX: *(Taking the telegram from ROLF)* I am Herr Detweiler.

CAPTAIN: You've delivered your telegram, now get out!

*(ROLF exits U.L., flustered.)*

ELSA: Georg, he's just a boy!

CAPTAIN: I am an Austrian—I will not be heiled!

MAX: Georg, why don't you look at things the way I do?

What's going to happen is going to happen. Just be sure it doesn't happen to you.

*(ELSA exits into the house.)*

CAPTAIN: Max, it's a good thing you haven't any character, because if you had I'm convinced I'd hate you.

MAX: You couldn't hate me. I'm too lovable.

*(FRANZ enters from the house.)*

FRANZ: Herr Detweiler, there's a call for you. It's from—

MAX: *(Quickly)* I'll take it.

*(MAX exits into the house, followed by FRANZ. At this moment the CAPTAIN's attention is attracted by the sound of voices yodeling and coming from the direction of the garden. U.L., GRETEL runs on and stoops over. Next we see MARTA leapfrog over GRETEL and stoop. She is followed by BRIGITTA, KURT, LOUISA, FRIEDRICH and LIESL, all leapfrogging. They are dressed in playclothes made from the curtains we have seen in MARIA's bedroom. The last one on, yodeling along with the children, dressed in a dirndl made from the material the CAPTAIN sent her, is MARIA. Her leapfrogging takes her to the feet of the CAPTAIN. She straightens up in pleased surprise.)*

MARIA: Oh, Captain—you're home!

CHILDREN: *(Joyfully)* Father! Father, you're home!

*(The CAPTAIN takes his whistle from his pocket and blows a preemptory blast. The children, dismayed, line up in military fashion.)*

CAPTAIN: Straight line! *(The CAPTAIN crosses behind them, inspecting their strange garb with evident displeasure. He takes a kerchief made of the curtain material from LOUISA's head.)* Get cleaned up! Get into your uniforms and report back here! *(The children glance appealingly toward MARIA.)* At once! *(The children run into the house.)* Fraulein! Where did they get these abominations—out of a nightmare?

MARIA: No, out of some curtains—the curtains that used to hang in my bedroom. There was plenty of wear left in them.

CAPTAIN: Just a moment. Do you mean to say the people of the neighborhood have seen my children wearing old curtains?

MARIA: Oh, yes, they've become very popular. Everyone smiles at them.

CAPTAIN: I don't wonder.

MARIA: They say, "There go Captain von Trapp's children."

CAPTAIN: My children have always been a credit to my name.

MARIA: But, Captain, they weren't. They were just unhappy little marching machines.

CAPTAIN: I don't care to hear from you about my children.

MARIA: Well, you must hear from someone. You're not home long enough to know them.

CAPTAIN: I said I don't want to hear—

MARIA: I know you don't—but you've got to. Take Liesl—Liesl isn't a child any more. And if you keep treating her as one, Captain, you're going to have a mutiny on your hands. And Friedrich—Friedrich's afraid to be himself—he's shy—he's aloof, Friedrich needs you—he needs your confidence—

CAPTAIN: Don't tell *me* about my son.

MARIA: Brigitta could tell you about him. She could tell you a lot more if you got to know her, because she notices things. And she always tells the truth—especially when you don't want to hear it. Kurt—is sensitive—he's easily hurt—and you ignore him—you brush him aside the way you do all of them. (*The CAPTAIN starts to leave.*) I haven't finished yet! Louisa—wants to have a good time. You've just got to let her have a good time. Marta—I don't know about yet—but someone has to find out about her. And little Gretl—just wants to be loved—Oh, please, Captain, love Gretl, love all of them. They need you.

CAPTAIN: Stop! Stop it! You will pack your things and return to the Abbey as soon as you can.

MARIA: I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said those things—not in the way I said them.

CAPTAIN: After you've gone there'll be—*(We hear the voices of the children singing offstage.)*  
What's that?

CHILDREN: *(Singing offstage)*

The hills are alive  
With the sound of music  
With songs they have sung  
For a thousand years.

MARIA: Singing.

CAPTAIN: Who's singing?

MARIA: Your children.

CAPTAIN: My children singing?

The hills fill my heart  
With the sound of music  
My heart wants to sing  
Every song it hears.

MARIA: I wanted them to sing for Frau Schraeder when they met her.

*(ELSA enters from the upper French windows, going toward the CAPTAIN, who is D.L. She stops L. of C. The children follow ELSA on, still singing, FRIEDRICH accompanying them on a guitar. They stand in a diagonal line in front of the French windows.)*

ELSA: Georg, you must hear—

CHILDREN: *(Singing)*

My heart wants to beat  
Like the wings  
Of the birds that rise  
From the lake to the trees,  
My heart wants to sigh  
Like a chime that flies  
From a church on a breeze.

*(The CAPTAIN turns front and joins in the song.)*

CAPTAIN AND CHILDREN: *(Singing)*

I go to the hills  
When my heart is lonely  
I know I will hear



What I've heard before  
My heart will be blessed  
With the sound of music  
And I'll sing once more.

*(As the song finishes there is a moment of poignant silence. GRETLE, who is carrying a white flower, looks toward MARIA. MARIA nods to her. GRETLE goes to ELSA, touches her skirt, curtsies, and hands her the flower.)*

ELSA: *(Touched)* Edelweiss! Georg, why haven't you told me how enchanting your children are?

*(The CAPTAIN goes to GRETLE and puts his arm around her. He motions the other children to him. The younger ones surround him. He puts his other arm around MARTA, then reaches out and gently ruffles KURT's hair. When he speaks it is not easy for him to control his voice.)*

CAPTAIN: Children, I'd like to have you show Frau Schraeder the gardens.

ELSA: Yes, show me the gardens— *(ELSA and the children start off L., all talking simultaneously.)* I want to see everything, and with you, too. I don't know any of your names yet, but it doesn't matter. I'm sure I won't get them straight for a long time.

LOUISA: My name is Marta.

MARTA: It is not. My name's Marta. She's Louisa.

*(ELSA and the children have disappeared.)*

CAPTAIN: *(Going to MARIA)* You were right. I don't know my own children.

MARIA: They're waiting to know *you*. They want so much to. After I've gone. . .

CAPTAIN: No. I want you to stay.

MARIA: If I can be of any help.

CAPTAIN: You have helped already. You have brought music back into my home. I had forgotten. . . *(Singing)*

To laugh like a brook  
                    When it trips and falls  
                    Over stones in its way  
BOTH:          To sing through the night  
                    Like a lark who is learning to pray—

                    I go to the hills  
                    When my heart is lonely.  
          *(He hands MARIA LOUISA's kerchief.)*  
                    I know I will hear  
                    What I've heard before.

*(The CAPTAIN takes the whistle from his pocket,  
shows it to MARIA, then throws it away off U.L.)*

                    My heart will be blessed  
                    With the sound of music  
CAPTAIN:      And I'll sing once more.

*(The CAPTAIN exits into the house. MARIA watches  
him go, smiles happily, then starts singing.)*

MARIA: *(Singing)*  
                    Ray—a drop of golden sun  
                    Me—a name I call myself  
                    Far—a long, long way to run

*(She tosses kerchief into air, catches it, starts to  
exit U.L. Her eye notices pastry on coffee table. She goes  
back for one, starts to bite as ELSA enters from the garden  
U.L. MARIA sees her and stops singing.)*

ELSA: *(L.C.)* I came back to congratulate you.

MARIA: *(C)* Thank you.

ELSA: The Captain was really moved.

MARIA: Yes, I think he was pleased. He's asked me to  
          stay on with the children.

ELSA: Oh, you're staying on!

MARIA: Until September.

ELSA: September?

MARIA: Then I go back to the Abbey.

ELSA: The Abbey?

MARIA: I'm going to be a nun.

ELSA: Oh, how nice! *(She crosses to the table and sits.)*

When you get back to the Abbey, think of us.

MARIA: I'll pray for you. *(MARIA exits to the garden.)*

*(ELSA smiles to herself at the expression of thoughtfulness, then her expression changes as she realizes she may have been insulted. Dim Out)*

## ACT I

### Scene 10

*A hallway in the Trapp villa. At the end of "Love Survive" repeat. GRETL and FRAU SCHMIDT enter D.L. GRETL bows to FRAU SCHMIDT.*

FRAU SCHMIDT: No. *(GRETL curtsies.)* That's right. You must do that to all the guests. *(Calling off.)* Come along, children—the party's started.

*(MARTA enters, going to FRAU SCHMIDT.)*

MARTA: Frau Schmidt, will you fix my bow? *(FRAU SCHMIDT re-ties MARTA's sash.)* We never had a party in our house before.

*(BRIGITTA enters, runs across the stage, and looks off R. LOUISA enters. LIESL and FRIEDRICH enter. LIESL fixes FRIEDRICH'S tie.)*

FRAU SCHMIDT: Oh, yes, there used to be lots of parties here.

LIESL: Friedrich and I used to sneak out and watch them from the top of the stairs.

FRIEDRICH: I remember the music.

FRAU SCHMIDT: Once your father brought a Gypsy orchestra all the way from Budapest.

LIESL: Yes, they wore red coats.

FRAU SCHMIDT: Go ahead, children, and mind your manners. Come along. *(She exits D.R. with GRETL and MARTA.)*

FRIEDRICH: I remember beautiful ladies and everybody laughing.

LOUISA: *(Wistfully)* There was one lady—the most beautiful of all—I think she was here all the time.

LIESL: *(Crossing to LOUISA, putting her hands on LOUISA's shoulders)* Yes, Louisa.

BRITITTA: Can we dance while the guests are dancing?

LIESL: Yes, of course. Remember what Fraulein Maria told us.

CHILDREN: Yes.

*(KURT and BRIGITTA waltz together. So do LOUISA and FRIEDRICH. LIESL imagines a young man asking her to dance; she pretends surprise, then curtsies and extends her arms. Slowly she begins to waltz and is dancing gaily when the travellers part.)*

## ACT I

### Scene II

*The living room of the Trapp villa. The room is filled with waltzing couples, whom the children join briefly, then exit, except for BRIGITTA. BARONESS ELBERFELD is seated on the sofa, which has been pushed back. There are two men not dancing, BARON ELBERFELD and HERR ZELLER. They are obviously in a spirited argument. One couple stops dancing and goes to them as if to intervene. As the dance music ends we hear the angry voices of the two men.*

ZELLER: You have German blood, haven't you?

ELBERFELD: I am not a German. I'm an Austrian.

ZELLER: There's going to be Anschluss, I warn you and everyone like you—and that goes for our—

FRAU ZELLER: Shhhh.

CAPTAIN: (*Entering through the French windows and sensing a situation*) It's much more pleasant on the terrace. (*The guests, uneasy, start out onto the terrace.*) Elberfeld, it's very nice to have you and the Baroness here again.

BARONESS ELBERFELD: Frau Schraeder's charming, Georg.

ELBERFELD: I hope she isn't ill.

(*FRANZ enters with a glass of brandy on a tray. He goes to the CAPTAIN.*)

CAPTAIN: Oh, no—just a headache. (*He takes the brandy from FRANZ.*) I'm on my way up to get her. We'll find you on the terrace.

(*The ELBERFELDS exit. The CAPTAIN starts upstairs.*)

BRIGITTA: (*At foot of steps*) Father, I don't think these people are having a very good time.

CAPTAIN: Half the people I invited aren't speaking to the other half.

BRIGITTA: Well, Father, maybe they're having a good time not speaking to each other.

(*The CAPTAIN smiles and continues up stairs.*)

FRAU SCHMIDT: (*Entering on balcony*) Oh, sir, Frau Schraeder asked me to let you know that she will join you in a few minutes.

CAPTAIN: Thank you. You might see whether she would like this glass of brandy.

(*FRAU SCHMIDT exits. KURT and MARIA enter from the terrace where we can see the guests dancing the Laendler, an Austrian folk dance.*)

MARIA: Kurt, I haven't danced the Laendler since I was a little girl.



KURT: Oh, you remember it — show me—

MARIA: No, I haven't danced since—

*(The CAPTAIN has paused on the balcony and watches them.)*

KURT: Come, you said the left hand behind the back—

MARIA: Yes, that's right. But first the boy and girl meet.

KURT: Yes. *(He bows. She curtsies.)*

MARIA: Then they go for a little stroll.

*(They join hands and cross the stage in a folk-dance step, to the music coming from the terrace. When they reach the foot of the stairs they try to execute a movement which is a little awkward for KURT.)*

CAPTAIN: No, that's wrong, Kurt. Let me show you.

*(He hurries down the stairs. He takes MARIA's hand and they continue the dance as KURT and BRITITTA watch them. The dance reaches the point at which MARIA and the CAPTAIN, while holding hands, must execute a figure which calls for MARIA to turn under the CAPTAIN's arms and assume a position in which his arms are around her and his face close to hers. This physical embrace brings an awareness to both of them. When this same figure is repeated MARIA finds herself under the spell of an emotion that she has never experienced before and does not understand. In self-consciousness she breaks away.)*

MARIA: I—I don't remember—any more.

CAPTAIN: *(Also self-conscious)* Well, Kurt—that's the way it's done.

*(The music comes to an end. The CAPTAIN exits to the terrace, as ELSA enters from R. onto the balcony. She watches the CAPTAIN disappear, then looks with interest at MARIA.)*

BRIGITTA: *(Crossing to MARIA)* Your face is all red.

MARIA: I guess I'm not very used to dancing.

ELSA: Well, hello there.

MARIA: Good evening, Frau Schraeder. *(She exits D.R.)*

*ELSA comes down the stairs.)*



KURT: I hope you're feeling better, Frau Schraeder.

ELSA: Yes, thank you, Kurt.

*(KURT exits D.L. MAX and FRANZ enter through the front door. MAX is wearing a topcoat. FRANZ is carrying his bag. MAX puts his hands over BRIGITTA's eyes.)*

BRIGITTA: Hello, Uncle Max, we're having a party.

*(FRANZ exits upstairs carrying MAX's suitcase)*

MAX: Good. Tell your father it's sure to be a success. I'm here.

*(BRIGITTA exits to terrace.)*

ELSA: *(At foot of stairs)* Max!

MAX: *(R.C.)* Elsa! Without a doubt you're the most beautiful corporation president in the entire world. *(Kisses her hand.)*

ELSA: Thank you, Max.

CAPTAIN: *(Entering from terrace with LIESL. Crosses to L. of MAX)* Max—you're back. And as usual just in time for dinner.

MAX: Georg, did you think you could give a gala without me?

CAPTAIN: Oh, dear, now we have an odd man.

MAX: *(Indignantly)* A little odd, but charming.

CAPTAIN: Liesl, run and ask Frau Schmidt to set two more places and I want to see Fraulein Maria.

*(LIESL exits D.R.)*

ELSA: *(Crosses below MAX and CAPTAIN to L.C.)* Two places?

CAPTAIN: We need another woman.

ELSA: Who? Liesl?

CAPTAIN: Oh, no—she's much too young. I'll ask Maria.

MAX: You're not serious?

CAPTAIN: But of course!

MAX: She's a nursemaid.

CAPTAIN: I don't think of her that way.

MAX: I don't mind, but your friends—you can't ask them to dine with Maria.

CAPTAIN: Why not?

MAX: Elsa, tell him why not.

ELSA: Max, can you change in a hurry?

CAPTAIN: Yes, Max, we can use you tonight.

*(MAX starts up stairs.)*

BRIGITTA: *(Entering from terrace, crosses to L.C.)* Frau Schraeder, they're talking about you out there.

ELSA: Come on, Georg, I've been dodging these people for an hour. *(ELSA and CAPTAIN exit to terrace.)*

MARIA: *(Entering D.R.)* Brigitta, have you seen your father?

MAX: *(On balcony)* Good evening, Fraulein Maria.

MARIA: Herr Detweiler, it's nice to see you again.

MAX: Yes, you're going to. *(Exits off R.)*

BRIGITTA: *(D.R.C.)* I knew it all along. Frau Schraeder didn't have a headache. She just wanted to get out of the party. She was faking.

MARIA: *(Crosses to BRIGITTA)* Brigitta, you shouldn't say things you don't know are true.

BRIGITTA: But I do know. I heard her say to Father she'd been dodging these people.

MARIA: That doesn't mean that she didn't have a headache. It's very important that you children like Frau Schraeder.

BRIGITTA: I like her all right. Why is it important?

MARIA: Well—I think she's going to be your new mother.

BRIGITTA: Oh, Fraulein, Father's never going to marry her. Why, he couldn't.

MARIA: Why couldn't he?

BRIGITTA: Because he's in love with you.

MARIA: Now Brigitta, that's just the kind of thing—

BRIGITTA: You must know that—

MARIA: Brigitta—no!

BRIGITTA: Remember the other night when we were all sitting on the floor singing the Edelweiss song he taught us? After we finished, you laughed at him for forgetting

the words. He didn't forget the words. He just stopped singing to look at you. And when he speaks to you, the way his voice sounds—

*(MARIA can't accept an idea that conflicts with her commitment to the church.)*

MARIA: No, Brigitta, no.

BRIGITTA: And the way you looked at him just now when you were dancing. You're in love with him.

*(MARIA stands in stunned silence. The CAPTAIN enters from the terrace with GRETl, LOUISA and KURT.)*

CAPTAIN: One more dance, Gretl, and then to bed. *(He sees MARIA and goes to her.)* Oh, Fraulein Maria, you're not going to have dinner with the children tonight. You're having dinner down here with us. *(MARIA shakes her head—"No! I can't!")* Oh, yes! It's all arranged. You'll have to hurry. You'll have to change. *(She starts up the stairs but stops as the CAPTAIN speaks.)* Oh, and Maria, wear the dress you wore the other night—when we were all singing.—It was lovely—soft and white.

*(MARIA stares at him for a moment then quickly exits upstairs. FRANZ enters from the dining room D.L.)*

FRANZ: Shall I announce dinner, Captain?

ELSA: *(Entering from terrace, followed by the guests)* Oh, no, not yet. The children will want to say good night. Oh, Georg, I wanted the children to say good night the way they did last night.

CAPTAIN: No, Elsa—not here—

ELSA: Please, Georg, the way they did it for me—it was so sweet.

CAPTAIN: No, no, not in front of strangers!

ELSA: Please, Georg, for me.

MAX: *(Entering on the balcony in evening clothes)* Presto chango!

ELSA: Max, you're just in time. Children—now.

(MAX comes down the steps and joins ELSA and the CAPTAIN. The children line up near the stairs. The guests assemble at the opposite side of the room.)

CHILDREN: (*Singing*)

There's a sad sort of clanging  
From the clock in the hall  
And the bells in the steeple, too,  
And up in the nursery an absurd little bird  
Is popping out to say "coo-coo."  
Regretfully they tell us  
But firmly they compel us  
To say "goodbye" to you. . .  
So long, farewell  
Auf wiedersehen, good night.

MARTA: (*Steps forward*)

I hate to go and leave this pretty sight.

(MARTA exits D.R.) – (*Musical interlude.*)

CHILDREN: So long, farewell,  
Auf Wiedersehen, adieu.

KURT: (*Steps forward*)

Adieu, adieu,  
To yieu, and yieu, and yieu (*Exits.*)

CHILDREN: So long, farewell,  
Au'voir, auf wiedersehen

LIESL: (*Steps forward*)

I'd like to stay and taste my first champagne.

(*To the CAPTAIN—speaking*) No?

CAPTAIN: (*Speaking*) No! (*LIESL exits. Interlude*)

CHILDREN: (*Singing*)

So long, farewell,  
Auf wiedersehen, goodbye.

FRIEDRICH: (*Steps forward*)

I leave and heave a sigh and say goodbye  
Goodbye!

*(KURT exits.)*

BRIGITTA: I'm glad to go, I cannot tell a lie

*(FRIEDRICH exits.)*

LOUISA: I flit, I float, I fleetly flee, I fly

*(BRIGITTA and LOUISA exit together.)*

GRETL: *(Sitting on the bottom stair)*

The sun has gone to bed and so must I

*(Still sitting she backs halfway up the steps one at a time.)*

CHILDREN: *(Having re-entered on the balcony)*

So long, farewell, auf wiedersehen, goodbye

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

*(LIESL goes down the steps to GRETL, takes her in her arms and exits with the others.)*

GUESTS: *(Singing)*

Goodbye.

*(FRANZ announces dinner and the CAPTAIN and the guests drift off to the dining room L. MAX, excited, goes to ELSA.)*

MAX: Elsa, they're extraordinary!

ELSA: Fraulein Maria taught them to do it.

MAX: I've been looking all over Austria for something like this for the Festival and I find it here.

ELSA: Wait a minute, Max.

MAX: A singing group of seven children in one family.

ELSA: Max! Georg didn't even want them to sing in front of the guests tonight. I had to persuade him.

MAX: Ah, then you have influence. You must talk to him.

ELSA: Max!

MAX: Elsa! This is important to Austria. And it wouldn't do me any harm.

*(They exit into the dining room. The music segues into a slow, soft version of "The Lonely Goatherd." We see MARIA come down from the third floor onto the balcony. She*



*is wearing the hat and dress she wore the day she first came to the villa and she is carrying her guitar case and bag. She makes sure the living room is empty. She comes slowly down the stairs. She looks unhappily toward the dining room as though she wanted to say goodbye to someone. She looks longingly upstairs where the children have gone off. She takes a last farewell look around the room, then slowly and sadly exits to the outer corridor.)*

*DIM OUT*

*ACT I*

*Scene 12*

*A corridor in the Abbey. SISTER SOPHIA enters, accompanied by a young girl carrying a small traveling bag. She is distinctively and attractively dressed. (She is a new POSTULANT.) They start down the corridor. From the opposite side six nuns enter in double file, chanting.*

NUNS: Rex admirabilis et triumphator nobis  
Dulcedo ineffabilis totus desiderabilis  
Totus desiderabilis.

*(SISTER SOPHIA and the young girl watch the nuns as they go down the corridor and disappear. Then they exit.)*

*DIM OUT*

*ACT I*

*Scene 13*

*The office of the MOTHER ABBESS. The MOTHER ABBESS is seated at her desk and SISTER SOPHIA stands facing her. The new POSTULANT is R. of the desk, signing her name to a paper.*

MOTHER ABBESS: *(Rising)* Sister Sophia, take our new postulant to the robing room. Bless you, my daughter.



*(The POSTULANT kneels. The MOTHER ABBESS blesses her. There is a knock on the door U.R.) Ave!*

*(SISTER MARGARETTA enters U.R. SISTER SOPHIA and the new POSTULANT exit U.R.)*

MARGARETTA: Maria has asked to see you. I know it has taken her a long time.

MOTHER ABBESS: I waited until she wanted to come to me.

MARGARETTA: It's strange. She's happy to be here—but she's unhappy, too.

MOTHER ABBESS: Why did they send her back—do you know?

MARGARETTA: She doesn't speak. She hasn't spoken except in prayer.

MOTHER ABBESS: I shall see her.

MARGARETTA: *(Crosses to the door)* Maria.

*(MARIA enters, goes to the MOTHER ABBESS and kneels.)*

MOTHER ABBESS: *(Blessing MARIA)* This must have been a trying experience for you.

MARIA: It was, Reverend Mother.

MOTHER ABBESS: Has it taught you anything?

MARIA: I've learned that I never want to leave these walls again.

MOTHER ABBESS: Why did they send you back to us?

MARIA: *(After a moment's hesitation)* They didn't send me back. I left. I left without telling them I was going, without saying goodbye.

MOTHER ABBESS: Sit down, Maria. *(MARIA sits by the desk.)* Maria, what happened? Why did you do this?

MARIA: I was frightened.

MOTHER ABBESS: Frightened?

MARIA: *(With difficulty)* I was confused. I felt—I never felt that way before. I couldn't stay—and I knew that here I would be away from it—that here I would be safe.

MOTHER ABBESS: Maria, our abbey is not to be used as an escape. What is it you can't face?

MARIA: I can't face him again.

MOTHER ABBESS: *(After a pause)* Thank you, Sister Margaretta. *(SISTER MARGARETTA exits U.R. The MOTHER ABBESS stands behind MARIA. She puts her hands on MARIA's shoulders and speaks quietly.)* Maria, are you in love with Captain von Trapp?

MARIA: *(Torn)* I don't know. I don't know.

MOTHER ABBESS: Tell me about it, my child.

MARIA: *(With emotion)* Brigitta said that I was—and that her father was in love with me—and then there he was—and we were looking at each other—and I could hardly breathe. Then I knew I couldn't stay. *(She rises.)*

MOTHER ABBESS: But you do like him, Maria?

MARIA: Oh, yes!

MOTHER ABBESS: Did you let him see how you felt?

MARIA: *(Turning to her)* If I did I didn't know that I did. That's what's been torturing me. I was there on God's errand. To have asked for the Captain's love would have been wrong. I don't know, Mother. I do know this—*(She kneels before the MOTHER ABBESS.)* I am ready at this very moment to take the vows of poverty, obedience and—chastity.

MOTHER ABBESS: *(Helping MARIA to rise)* Maria, the love of a man and a woman is holy, too. The first time we talked together—you told me that you remembered your father and mother before they died. Do you remember—were they happy? *(She seats MARIA on the stool.)*

MARIA: Oh, yes, Mother, they were very happy.

MOTHER ABBESS: Maria, you were born of their happiness, of their love. And, my child, you have a great capacity to love. What you must find out is—how does God want you to spend your love. *(The MOTHER ABBESS sits at her desk.)*

MARIA: I've pledged my life to God's service. I've pledged my life to God.

MOTHER ABBESS: My daughter, if you love this man, it doesn't mean that you love God less. You must find out. You must go back.

MARIA: *(Rising)* Oh, no, Mother, please, don't ask me to do that. Please! Let me stay here. *(MARIA circles behind the desk and sinks at the feet of the MOTHER ABBESS.)*

MOTHER ABBESS: These walls were not made to shut out problems. You have to face them. You have to find the life you were born to live.

MARIA: How do I find it?

MOTHER ABBESS: Look for it. *(Her arm around MARIA.*

*She sings.)* Climb every mountain

Search high and low

Follow every byway

Every path you know.

Climb every mountain

Ford every stream

Follow every rainbow

Till you find your dream.

A dream that will need all the love you can  
give

Every day of your life for as long as you  
live.

*(The MOTHER ABBESS rises.)*

Climb every mountain

Ford every stream

Follow every rainbow

Till you find your dream.

A dream that will need all the love you can  
give

*(She lifts MARIA to her feet.)*

Every day of your life for as long as you live.  
*(The MOTHER ABBESS crosses R.)*

Climb every mountain  
Ford every stream  
Follow every rainbow  
Till you find your dream.

*(As the song swells to its finish, MARIA removes the  
postulant's veil from her head and stands transfixed.)*

END ACT I

ACT II  
Scene 1

*The terrace. CAPTAIN's guitar is on coffee table. Entr'acte continues into scene and song. MAX, blindfolded, and the children are playing blind man's bluff and singing "The Lonely Goatherd." FRIEDRICH is standing on a chair, MARTA is standing on a bench, BRIGITTA (at first) is sitting on the stool reading, then joins in game.*

MAX: *(Singing)* One little girl in a pale pink coat heard

MARTA: Layee odl, layee odl layee o

KURT: She yodeled back to the lonely goatherd

LOUISA: Layee odl, layee odl o

ALL: Soon her Mama with a gleaming gloat heard

MAX: Layee odl, layee odl layee o

GRETLE: *(Teases MAX by poking him with guitar)*

What a duet for a girl and goatherd

*(LIESL pulls off MAX's blindfold, then takes guitar from GRETLE.)*

MAX: *(Strutting L.C.)*

Layee odl, layee odl o

ALL: *(Mimicking MAX)*

O ho, layee odl lee o—

*(MAX stops the singing.)*

MAX: Enough. Now sing seriously. Liesl, give us a key.

*(He conducts. LIESL strikes a note. Children are in a vague line up R. stage very informally.)*

ALL: *(Singing)* Do—me—so—do.

MAX: *(Gives conductor cut-off. Speaking)* That's nice—very nice—except it's no good. Imagine that you're standing on the stage of a big concert hall.

LOUISA: What concert hall, Uncle Max?

MAX: Any concert hall—maybe Kaltzberg Concert Hall—but a concert hall full of people. Now, once more.

ALL: *(Singing)* Do-me-so-do.

*(MAX stops them individually, GRETLE, who is sitting on the terrace step, last.)*

MAX: Gretl, why don't you sing loud?

GRETLE: I've got a sore finger. *(She holds up a bandaged finger.)*

MAX: *(Kissing her finger)* Now you can sing loud for Uncle Max. The night of the party you sang so beautifully—with such spirit. Well—let's try again. *(He gives them a downbeat. They hit a chord. The CAPTAIN and ELSA enter from the garden. MAX sees them and stops the singing.)* They wanted to sing for me, the darlings, but they don't sing as well as they used to.

LOUISA: We need Fraulein Maria.

CAPTAIN: *(Taking the guitar from LIESL)* We do not need Fraulein Maria. You can sing just as well with me.

MAX: But I've had experience with choirs, quartets, glee clubs—

CAPTAIN: Max, please— *(To the children.)* Now what would you like to sing? *(Singing.)*

Doe, a deer, a female deer—

KURT: Fraulein Maria always started with—

CAPTAIN: We are not to mention Fraulein Maria.

ELSA: *(Sensing something)* Come on, Max, I feel like a brisk walk.

MAX: That's just what I need— *(He follows her, turns.)*

Is anyone using the car? *(MAX and ELSA exit U.L.)*

CAPTAIN: Now, what are you going to sing?

*(LIESL starts and conducts the children in:)*

CHILDREN: *(Singing)*

The hills are alive

With the sound of music

*(The CAPTAIN joins the singing.)*



With songs they have sung  
For a thousand years.

*(The CAPTAIN stops.)*

CAPTAIN: No, not that— *(Leading LOUISA aside.)* Louisa,  
did you play any of your tricks—any of your jokes—on  
Fraulein Maria?

LOUISA: Only those she liked and laughed at.

CAPTAIN: You didn't put toads in her bed?

LOUISA: No, Father.

CAPTAIN: Well, something must have happened—for her to  
leave us without even saying goodbye.

GRETLE: Isn't Fraulein Maria coming back?

CAPTAIN: No, darling. I don't think so.

MARTA: But she was the best governess we ever had.

CAPTAIN: You're not going to have a governess any  
more.

LOUISA: Oh, good!

KURT: I'm not sure that's good.

CAPTAIN: You're going to have a new mother.

LIESL: A new mother?

FRIEDRICH: Frau Schraeder?

CAPTAIN: *(Hands LIESL the guitar)* Yes. It was all settled  
last night. I'm very happy. Well, it's time for your after-  
noon walk. *(LIESL kisses him. He exits into the house.)*

LOUISA: *(At stool)* When Fraulein Maria wanted to feel  
better, she used to sing that song—remember?

LIESL: *(Putting guitar on coffee table)* Yes.

BRIGITTA: *(L. of coffee table)* All right. Let's try it.

ALL: *(Wandering listlessly. Singing)*

Raindrops on roses  
And whiskers on kittens  
Bright copper kettles  
And warm woolen mittens  
Brown paper packages—

*(ORCHESTRA joins in.)*

Tied up with strings  
These are a few of  
My favorite things

GRETL: *(D.C.)* Why don't I feel better?

*(Children start to sing but drop out one by one as they hear MARIA offstage.)*

MARIA: *(Offstage)*

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes,  
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and  
eyelashes,  
Silver-white winters that melt into springs  
These are a few of my favorite things.

CHILDREN: Maria!—Maria's back!

*(They run to meet her as she enters U.L. She is wearing the suit and hat we saw the new POSTULANT wear. FRIEDRICH takes her guitar and sets it above the stool. KURT takes suitcase and drops it back of stool.)*

MARIA and CHILDREN: *(Singing)*

When the dog bites, when the bee stings,  
When I'm feeling sad  
I simply remember my favorite things,  
And then I don't feel so bad.

*(FRIEDRICH arranges guitar and suitcase.)*

MARIA: *(Hugging them C.S.)* Children, children, I'm so  
happy to see you. I must find your father right away.

MARTA: I'll find him. *(She runs into the house.)*

KURT: I'll go with you. *(He follows MARTA into the house.)*

MARIA: *(To GRETL)* How's your sore finger?

GRETL: You remembered!

MARIA: Liesl—are you all right?

LIESL: *(Soberly)* Yes, Fraulein, I'm all right.

MARIA: Many telegrams lately?

LIESL: No, Fraulein. Now I'll be glad to go to boarding  
school.

MARIA: Liesl, you can't use boarding school to escape your problems. You have to face them. (*Embraces LIESL.*) Oh, I have so much to talk to you about.

LOUISA: We have some things to tell you, too.

MARIA: You must have a great deal to tell me.

BRIGITTA: I guess the most important thing is that Father's going to be married.

MARIA: Married?

LOUISA: To Frau Schraeder.

MARIA: Are you sure?

BRIGITTA: Oh, yes, he just told us—he told us himself. (*KURT and MARTA enter from house.*)

KURT: We found him. (*CAPTAIN enters from house.*)

CAPTAIN: Liesl—

LIESL: Louisa, Brigitta, boys! Maria, we'll be in the nursery. (*Children exit into house.*)

CAPTAIN: You've come back?

MARIA: Yes, Captain.

CAPTAIN: You left us without any explanation whatsoever—without even saying goodbye.

MARIA: It was very wrong of me. Forgive me.

CAPTAIN: Why did you do this to us? Tell me.

MARIA: Please don't ask me. Anyway, the reason no longer exists. (*Crosses and picks up guitar case and carpet bag.*)

CAPTAIN: Then you're back to stay?

MARIA: Only until you can make arrangements for another governess.

CAPTAIN: Oh, no! You've been missed by the children, I've missed—everybody missed you very much. Nothing was the same while you were away. Everything was wrong.

MARIA: But I—

CAPTAIN: We'll talk about it later. You go up to the children now. (*MARIA starts toward house.*) Maria, a new dress?

MARIA: We have a new postulant. (*She exits into the house. CAPTAIN sits L. of coffee table, strumming guitar.*)

ELSA: (*Entering from garden*) I know I'm right, Max. We'll find him and ask him.

MAX: (*Following her on and crossing C.*) I'll take your word for it, Elsa.

ELSA: Georg, settle this for Max and me, will you. How far down the mountain does your property go?

CAPTAIN: Can you make out that stone wall? That's the property line.

ELSA: (*Turning to MAX*) You see.

MAX: (*Sits on bench L.*) I didn't argue about it.

ELSA: I know, that makes me furious. I don't like to win without a fight.

FRANZ: (*FRANZ enters from the house*) Herr Detweiler, while you were gone, you had a long distance call from Berlin.

MAX: (*Innocently*) Who could be calling me from Berlin?

FRANZ: They said you'd know who it was.

MAX: Oh'. Thank you, Franz. (*FRANZ exits to the house.*) Georg, what were we just talking about?

CAPTAIN: Max, this isn't the first call you've had from Berlin.

MAX: Georg, you know I have no political convictions. Can I help it if other people have?

ELSA: Let's not stir that up again. The Germans have promised not to invade Austria. (*Crosses to R. of coffee table.*) Max knows that.

CAPTAIN: Then why does he bother to answer those calls from Berlin?

MAX: Because if they don't keep their promise, I want to have some friends among them.

ELSA: Naturally.

CAPTAIN: Oh, you agree, too?

MAX: (*Rises, crosses to CAPTAIN*) Georg, this is the way I look at it. There was a man who was dying. They were giving him the last rites. They asked him, "Do you renounce the devil and all his works?" and he said, "At this moment, I prefer not to make any enemies."

(*Crosses L. CAPTAIN strums his guitar.*)

ELSA: Georg—if they—if they should invade us—would you defy them?

CAPTAIN: . . . Yes.

MAX: (*Crosses to CAPTAIN*) Do you realize what might happen to you? To your property?

ELSA: To your children?

MAX: To everyone close to you. . . to Elsa. . . to me!

CAPTAIN: (*Rises, crosses D.R.*) Well, what will you do if they come?

MAX: (*Takes chair L. of coffee table, places it D.C. and sits*) What anyone with any sense would do—just sit tight and wait for it all to blow over.

CAPTAIN: And you think it will?

MAX: One thing is sure—nothing you can do will make any difference. (*Rises, crosses L.C.*)

ELSA: (*Crosses above D.C. chair, pushing CAPTAIN on to chair*) Don't look so serious, darling. Take the world off your shoulders. Relax.

ELSA: (*Above CAPTAIN*)

You dear attractive dewy-eyed idealist,

Today you have to learn to be a realist.

MAX: You may be bent on doing deeds of derring-do  
But up against a shark what can a herring do?

ELSA: (*Moves to MAX, L. of CAPTAIN*)

Be wise, compromise!

CAPTAIN: Compromise, and be wise!

ELSA: Let them think you're on their side, be non-committal.

CAPTAIN: I will not bow my head to the men I despise.

MAX: You won't have to bow your head, just stoop a little.

*(He stoops a little.)*

ELSA: *(Moving behind CAPTAIN)*

Why not learn to put your faith and your reliance

On an obvious and simple fact of science?

*(ELSA crosses R.)*

A crazy planet full of crazy people  
Is somersaulting all around the sky,  
And every time it turns another somersault,  
Another day goes by!

And there's no way to stop it,  
No, there's no way to stop it,

*(Crosses to CAPTAIN.)*

No, you can't stop it even if you try.  
So I'm not going to worry,  
No, I'm not going to worry,  
Every time I see another day go by.

*(MAX crosses U.S. and back D.S., stopping CAPTAIN from playing guitar by putting his hands over the strings. ELSA goes to U. stage chair.)*

MAX: While somersaulting at a cock-eyed angle,  
We make a cock-eyed circle around the sun.

*(Circle around CAPTAIN.)*

And when we circle back to where we  
started from,

Another year has run.

*(CAPTAIN hits chord on guitar, crosses S.L.)*

MAX and ELSA:

And there's no way to stop it,



No, there's no way to stop it  
 If the earth wants to roll around the sun!  
 You're a fool if you worry  
*(MAX crosses S.L.)*  
 You're a fool if you worry  
*(CAPTAIN turns to ELSA.)*  
 Over anything but little Number One!  
 CAPTAIN: That's you! -  
 ELSA: *(Indicating herself)*  
 That's I.  
 MAX: *(Indicating himself)*  
 And I.  
 CAPTAIN: And me!  
 That all-absorbing character!  
 ELSA: *(Steps in front of CAPTAIN)*  
 That fascinating creature!  
 MAX: *(Steps in front of ELSA)*  
 That super-special feature—  
 ALL: *(MAX and ELSA separate—CAPTAIN sits on stool)*  
 Me!  
 CAPTAIN: So every star and every whirling planet,  
 And every constellation in the sky  
 Revolve around the center of the universe,  
 A lovely thing called I!  
*(Spreads arms, guitar in right hand—MAX takes guitar. CAPTAIN rises.)*  
 ALL: And there's no way to stop it,  
*(MAX points guitar at CAPTAIN.)*  
 No, there's no way to stop it,  
 And I know though I cannot tell you why.  
 CAPTAIN: *(Speaks)* That's charming!  
 ALL: That as long as I'm living,  
 Just as long as I'm living,  
 There'll be nothing else as wonderful as

ELSA: I!

ALL: I—I—I

(MAX pretends to strum the back of the guitar. The CAPTAIN grabs it and plays, one foot on chair D.C., crossing to chair D.S. ELSA starts to follow but is stopped by MAX.) Nothing else as wonderful as I.

CAPTAIN: (Putting chair back L. of table) I! Me! On one thing alone we agree. . . each one is important to himself. . . but you can't save yourself by giving up, and you don't outwit a lion by putting your head—

FRANZ: (Entering from house, addressing MAX) Your call from Berlin, sir.

CAPTAIN: (Pointing to FRANZ) —in the lion's mouth.

MAX: (After a hesitation) I'll call them back—

ELSA: (L. of MAX, quietly) You might as well talk to them now, Max.

CAPTAIN: Go, go, go.

(MAX exits into house followed by FRANZ.)

ELSA: (After a pause) Georg—I feel I know what's going to happen here. Can't you see things my way?

CAPTAIN: No—not if you're willing to see things their way.

ELSA: (Crosses D.L. before she speaks) There's one thing you do better here than we do in Vienna—your sunsets. I'm going to miss them.

MARIA: (Entering from house) Captain— Oh, I beg your pardon.

ELSA: Maria! Georg, you didn't tell me Fraulein Maria was back. I'm delighted.

MARIA: (D.R.) Thank you. Captain, the children would like to know if they could take a holiday from their lessons tomorrow so that we can go on a picnic.

CAPTAIN: Yes, I don't mind.

MARIA: That will make them very happy. And may I be permitted to wish you happiness too, Frau Schraeder—

Captain. The children have told me that you're going to be married.

ELSA: Oh? I'm afraid the children were wrong. (*Crosses C. to CAPTAIN who stands.*) Georg, I've got to finish my packing if I'm to get back to Vienna.

CAPTAIN: If you feel you must. I'll tell Franz to have the car ready.

ELSA: I can do that. (*As he kisses her hand she drops his engagement ring into his hand.*) Auf Wiedersehen, Georg. Goodbye, Maria. (*She exits into the house. CAPTAIN walks U.C.*)

MARIA: I'm sorry if I said something I shouldn't have said.

CAPTAIN: You did say the wrong thing—but you said it at the right time.

MARIA: The children told me that you were going to marry Frau Schraeder.

CAPTAIN: (*Crosses D.C.*) We found we just couldn't go the same way. That door is shut.

MARIA: Sister Margareta always says, "When God shuts a door—"

CAPTAIN: I know—"He opens a window." Maria, why did you run away to the Abbey? . . . What made you come back?

MARIA: The Mother Abbess—she said that you have to look for your life.

CAPTAIN: Often when you find it, you don't recognize it.

MARIA: No.

CAPTAIN: Not at first. Then one day—one night—all of a sudden, it stands before you.

MARIA: Yes.

CAPTAIN: (*Crosses to MARIA*) I look at you now, and I realize this is not something that has just happened. It is something I've known—deep inside me—for many weeks. . . . You knew it, too! (*She nods.*) What was it that told you?

MARIA: (*Crossing L. to CAPTAIN*) Brigitta. She said—  
when we were dancing—that night—

CAPTAIN: She was quite right. That was not just an  
ordinary dance, was it?

MARIA: I hadn't danced since I was a very little girl. It's  
quite different after you're grown up, isn't it?

CAPTAIN: When you were a very little girl, did a very little  
boy ever kiss you?

MARIA: Uh-huh.

CAPTAIN: That's quite different, too.

MARIA: Is it? (*They kiss.*) It is different.

CAPTAIN: Your whole life will be different now, Maria.  
I'll take you anywhere you want to go—give you any-  
thing you wish.

MARIA: But I don't want to go anywhere. All I could wish  
for is right here. (*MARIA moves S.L. of CAPTAIN.*  
*Standing, sings.*)

An ordinary couple  
Is all we'll ever be,  
For all I want of living  
Is to keep you close to me,

(*MARIA takes his hand.*)

To laugh and weep together  
While time goes on its flight,  
To kiss you every morning  
And to kiss you every night.

(*Looks at CAPTAIN.*)

We'll meet our daily problems  
And rest when day is done,  
Our arms around each other  
In the fading sun.

An ordinary couple,

(*CAPTAIN moves to MARIA.*)

Across the years we'll ride,

Our arms around each other,  
And our children by our side. . .  
*(Holds her hand.)*

Our arms around each other.  
*(CAPTAIN moves as if to kiss MARIA—MARIA moves to bench—back to the CAPTAIN. CAPTAIN and MARIA cross D.C.)*

CAPTAIN: *(Speaks)* You know—those two ought to get together sometime.

MARIA: Who? *(Looking at CAPTAIN.)*

CAPTAIN: The Mother Abbess and Brigitta. *(MARIA sits. CAPTAIN Sings.)*

An ordinary couple  
That's all we'll ever be  
For all I want of living  
Is to keep you close to me.  
*(CAPTAIN puts hands on her shoulders.)*

To laugh and weep together  
While times goes on its flight,  
To kiss you every morning,  
And to kiss you every night—  
*(MARIA's left hand on CAPTAIN's right hand. Kisses her hand.)*

MARIA: *(Still sitting)*

We'll meet our daily problems  
And rest when day is done,  
Our arms around each other  
In the fading sun.

*(MARIA rises. They both move downstage. She puts her arms to him.)*

BOTH: An ordinary couple  
Across the years we'll ride  
Our arms around each other  
And our children by our side. . .

Our arms around each other!

*(They kiss.)*

CAPTAIN: *(Speaks)* Maria, is there someone I should go to—to ask permission to marry you?

MARIA: Why don't we ask the children?

*(They run into house laughing. The Traveller Closes)*

## ACT II

### Scene 2

*A corridor in the Abbey, front of traveller. Three young postulants run on from D.R. but stop short as they almost collide with four nuns who are crossing from the other direction (D.L.) The postulants stand back with pretended meekness. Just before the nuns disappear two of them look back at the postulants with a quiet smile. The nuns exit D.R. The postulants make sure they are gone, then run off in the opposite direction (D.L.) Two other nuns enter S.R. carrying the MOTHER ABBESS's ceremonial cape. SISTER MARGARETTA and SISTER BERTHE enter from the opposite side and accept the cape. The nuns exit, R. The MOTHER ABBESS enters, L. SISTER MARGARETTA and SISTER BERTHE solemnly put the cape on the MOTHER ABBESS's shoulders. The three raise their hands in silent prayer and then exit, R.*

## ACT II

### Scene 3

*The office of the Mother Abbess. A small suitcase is open on a stool, L.C. As the lights come up we see MARIA, C., being dressed for her wedding. Some of the nuns are helping to put on and adjust the overskirt of her wedding*



*dress with its veil. The MOTHER ABBESS enters, U.R., followed by SISTER BERTHE and SISTER MARGARETTA. The MOTHER ABBESS goes to one side of MARIA, the two sisters to the other side, and they stand admiring her.*

MARIA: Reverend Mother, have I your permission to look at myself? I brought a mirror. It's in my suitcase—

MOTHER ABBESS: Sister Berthe!

*(SISTER BERTHE opens the suitcase and searches for the mirror. She takes a sheer nightgown from the suitcase and holds it up.)*

SISTER BERTHE: Sister Margaretta!

SISTER MARGARETTA: I don't think she's had time to put in the linings.

MOTHER ABBESS: Sister Berthe, the mirror.

*(SISTER BERTHE gives the mirror to MARIA, who looks at herself.)*

MARIA: Why, Mother—I look—

MOTHER ABBESS: Don't be vain, my daughter. Let me say it for you. You are indeed beautiful, my dear.

*(MARIA returns the mirror to SISTER BERTHE. SISTER SOPHIA hands a white prayer book to MARIA. A nun hands the MOTHER ABBESS a wreath of myrtle. MARIA kneels D.R. as the MOTHER ABBESS places this symbol of virginity on MARIA's head. MARIA moves forward to take her position for the wedding march. The nuns break into a joyous chant.)*

NUNS: *(Singing)* Gaudeamus omnes in Domino dicum festum celebrantes.

## ACT II

### Scene 4

*A corridor in the chapel. The action continues uninterrupted from the preceding scene. The metal grille is*

lowered between MARIA and the nuns. Behind the nuns a drop is lowered suggesting the dome of a chapel. MARIA makes a gesture of farewell to the MOTHER ABBESS. The nuns line up behind the grille to watch the march to the altar and a ceremony of which they cannot be a part. The VON TRAPP girls enter D.R. dressed for the wedding and take their places in front of MARIA. LIESL and LOUISA are in front, behind them are BRIGITTA and MARTA then GRETLE, carrying a bouquet of roses. (The other girls carry small nosegays.) KURT and FRIEDRICH enter, D.L., FRIEDRICH carrying a velvet pillow on which rests the CAPTAIN's Navy hat. He is followed by CAPTAIN VON TRAPP in dress uniform, wearing his sword and decorations. KURT crosses to MARIA and offers his arm. The wedding march starts. The wedding procession moves to its solemn rhythm. Against the wedding march the nuns sing in counterpoint.

NUNS: (Singing)

How do you solve a problem like Maria?  
How do you catch a cloud and pin it down?  
How do you find a word that means Maria?  
A flibbertijibbet, a will-o'-the-wisp, a clown!  
Many a thing you know you'd like to tell her,  
Many a thing she ought to understand,  
But how do you make her stay  
And listen to all you say?  
How do you keep a wave upon the sand?  
How do you solve a problem like Maria?  
How do you hold a moonbeam in your hand?

(During the above chorus the girls and MARIA are crossing the stage. Just before they reach C., they stop. GRETLE turns, curtseys to MARIA and hands her the bouquet of roses. KURT leaves her side and stands with his back to the grille, where he joins FRIEDRICH. The CAP-

*TAIN takes his place beside MARIA, offering her his arm. The procession continues until it disappears offstage, L., KURT and FRIEDRICH falling into line behind the CAPTAIN and MARIA. The nuns come from either side of the grille, forming a line in front of it, the MOTHER ABBESS C. The traveller closes behind them. They sing joyfully.)*  
NUNS: *(Singing)*

Confitemini, Domino  
Quoniam Bonus, Quoniam Bonus  
Quoniam in Saeculum  
Misericordia Ejus  
Confitemini, Domino  
Quoniam Bonus, Quoniam Bonus  
Quoniam in Saeculum  
Misericordia Ejus.

Alleluia, Alleluia  
Alleluia  
Alleluia

Alleluia, Alleluia  
Alleluia, Alleluia

Gaudeamus, Gaudeamus  
Omnes in Domino  
Diem Festum Cellebrantes.

*(The MOTHER ABBESS bows to the nuns and all exit.)*  
*Dim Out*

*ACT II*  
*Scene 5*

*The living room. As the curtains part, MAX enters the balcony with some printed programs in his hand.*

MAX: *(Coming down the stairs)* Children, children! Liesl, Friedrich, Gretl, Kurt, Marta. . . See! Kaltzberg Festival,

1938. (*LIESL, BRIGITTA and GRETl with doll enter from the terrace. MAX holds up the programs.*) Look here! The Trapp Family Singers! And here are all of your names. . . . Liesl, Friedrich, Louisa, Kurt, Brigitta, Marta and Gretl.

GRETl: Why am I always last?

LIESL: Because you're the youngest.

MAX: Liesl, I'm depending on you. Day after tomorrow you must all be ready at 11 o'clock in the morning. That's when— (*FRAU SCHMIDT enters from the terrace.*)

FRAU SCHMIDT: Herr Detweiler, can you help me, please? The Gauleiter is here. He wants to know why we aren't flying the new flag.

(*HERR ZELLER enters from the terrace. He is in civilian clothes. He has no hat.*)

ZELLER: (*Saluting MAX*) Heil!

FRAU SCHMIDT: I tried to explain—

ZELLER: Keep quiet. (*To MAX.*) When is Captain von Trapp returning?

MAX: (*Crosses to ZELLER*) Who knows? When a man is on his honeymoon—

ZELLER: These are not times for joking! It's been four days since the Anschluss. This is the only house in the province that is not flying the flag of the Third Reich.

BRIGITTA: You mean the flag with the black spider on it?

MAX: Brigitta!

ZELLER: Do you permit such remarks in this house? Who are you?

MAX: I am Maximilian Detweiler, First Secretary of the Ministry of Education and Culture.

ZELLER: That was in the old regime.

MAX: In the old regime I was Third Secretary. Now I'm First Secretary.

ZELLER: Good! Then you will order them to fly the flag.

FRAU SCHMIDT: Captain von Trapp wouldn't—I mean, I can take my orders only from Captain von Trapp.

ZELLER: You will take your orders from us—and so will the Captain. *(To MAX, saluting.)* Heil!

MAX: *(Reluctantly Salutes)* Heil!

*(ZELLER exits to terrace.)*

GRETL: Why was he so cross?

FRAU SCHMIDT: Everybody's cross these days. *(She exits D.R.)*

LIESL: *(Crosses C. to MAX)* Is Father going to be in trouble?

MAX: He doesn't have to be. The thing to do today is to get along with everybody. *(Crosses to chair R. of table.)* Now, Liesl, be sure you get all the children on the bus at 11 o'clock. *(LIESL crosses to chair R. of sofa.)*

BRIGITTA: *(R. of MAX)* Uncle Max, are you sure this is going to be all right with Father?

MAX: He'll be pleased and proud.

BRIGITTA: Liesl, do you think so?

MAX: *(Kneeling C.)* Brigitta, don't you trust me?

BRIGITTA: No.

MAX: *(Rising)* Well, anyway, the bus leaves at 11 o'clock.

FRANZ: *(Entering U.C. with two suitcases)* Fraulein Liesl, see what I have here.

LIESL: That's Father's luggage.

FRANZ: Yes, they're back. *(He exits upstairs. BRIGITTA and GRETL rush out U.C.)*

MAX: *(At sofa)* Liesl, they'll have such a lot to tell us, let's not hurry about telling them anything.

*(Children enter running to front door. MARTA, LOUISA from D.L., KURT and FRIEDRICH from balcony.)*

CHILDREN: They're back, they're back!

*(CAPTAIN and MARIA enter U.C. surrounded by the children.)*



MARIA: Max!

MAX: (*Below sofa*) Georg, we didn't expect you back until next week.

CAPTAIN: (*C.*) Max, it's good you're here. There's much I want to know.

MARIA: (*L. of CAPTAIN*) Children, we missed you so very much.

GRETL: What did you miss most?

MARIA: We missed all that noise you make in the morning—

CAPTAIN: That noise you make telling each other to be quiet. We missed climbing upstairs to say goodnight to you.

MARIA: We missed hearing you sing.

BRIGITTA: You came back just in time to hear us sing.

Look, Father, we're going to sing in the Kaltzberg Festival Friday night. (*She shows him a program. MAX turns away.*)

CAPTAIN: Let me see that. (*He looks at program. Crosses D.C.*) Max, are you responsible for this?

MAX: (*Coming to him*) I've just been waiting to talk to you about it, Georg.

CAPTAIN: (*Crosses L.*) You can't talk your way out of this one.

(*FRANZ and FRAU SCHMIDT enter U.C. with packages.*)

FRIEDRICH: Presents!

CHILDREN: (*Taking presents and running upstairs with SCHMIDT and FRANZ*) Give me mine. Where's mine? Let's open them in the nursery. Where's mine?

(*They exit except for LIESL who remains on balcony. MARIA is taking her hat off at table R.*)

MAX: (*Crosses to CAPTAIN*) Now, Georg, I had to make a last minute decision—I was very fortunate to be able to enter them at all—they'll be the talk of the Festival—seven children in one family—



CAPTAIN: Not my family!

MAX: The committee heard them—they were enchanted.

MARIA: (*Crosses D.L. to MAX*) Really, Max. What did they say?

MAX: You never heard such praise.

MARIA: Georg, did you hear—

CAPTAIN: (*Quietly, but firmly*) The Von Trapp Family does not sing in public.

MARIA: But if they make people happy—

MAX: And for the Festival—people come from all over the world—

CAPTAIN: (*Crosses to steps*) It is out of the question!

MAX: Georg, it's for Austria.

CAPTAIN: There is no Austria. (*He goes upstairs.*)

MAX: But the Anschluss happened peacefully. Let's at least be grateful for that.

CAPTAIN: Grateful? (*Then, quietly.*) To these swine? (*He exits on balcony. LIESL comes downstairs.*)

MAX: (*C.*) Maria, he must at least pretend to work with these people. I admire the way he feels—but you must convince him, he has to compromise.

MARIA: (*Below sofa*) No, Max, no.

MAX: Maria, you must.

MARIA: Max, I can't ask Georg to be less than what he is.

MAX: Then I will talk to him. If these children don't sing in the Festival—well, it would be a reflection on Austria—and it wouldn't do me any good. (*He exits up back steps to balcony.*)

LIESL: (*Crosses to MARIA*) Maria, I've always known you loved us children. Now I know you love Father.

MARIA: (*Sits sofa*) I do, Leisl. I love him very much.

LIESL: (*Sits R. of MARIA*) How can you be sure?

MARIA: Because I don't think first of myself, any more. I think first of him. I know now how to spend my love.

*(Sings. Holding LIESL's hand.)*

A bell is no bell till you ring it,  
A song is no song till you sing it,  
And love in your heart

Wasn't put there to stay—

Love isn't love

Till you give it away.

When you're sixteen, going on seventeen,  
Waiting for life to start,

Somebody kind

Who touches your mind

Will suddenly touch your heart!

LIESL: When that happens, after it happens,  
Nothing is quite the same.

Somehow you know

You'll jump up and go

If ever he calls your name!

MARIA: Gone are your old ideas of life,

The old ideas grow dim—

Lo and behold! You're someone's wife

And you belong to him!

You may think this kind of adventure

*(Puts arm around LIESL.)*

Never may come to you. . .

Darling Sixteen-going-on-Seventeen,

Wait—a year—or two.

LIESL: I'll wait a year

BOTH: *(They embrace)*

or two!

*(FRAU SCHMIDT enters U.C.)*

FRAU SCHMIDT: There's a telegram for the Captain.

*(ROLF has followed FRAU SCHMIDT on. She exits D.R.)*

LIESL: Rolf! Rolf, I'd like you to meet my mother—my new mother.

MARIA: *(Rising)* Rolf, I am glad to meet you finally.

ROLF: *(C. Coldly)* I have a telegram for Captain von Trapp. *(He holds it out. FRANZ enters on the balcony and starts downstairs.)*

MARIA: You stay here with Liesl. I'll take it to him. *(She starts R., reaching for the telegram. He snatches it away. She stops at his R.)*

ROLF: I'm under orders to make sure the Captain gets it.

MARIA: I think you can trust me to give it to him.

ROLF: I have my orders.

LIESL: Silly, they're married. *(ROLF sees FRANZ.)*

ROLF: Oh, Franz! This telegram is to be delivered into the hands of Captain von Trapp.

FRANZ: *(Saluting)* Heil!

ROLF: Heil! *(ROLF returns the salute and gives him the telegram in front of MARIA's face. FRANZ exits upstairs.)*

LIESL: *(Shocked)* Rolf!

MARIA: Even Franz.

ROLF: Yes, even Franz. Even me! Even everybody in Nonnberg except the great Captain von Trapp. If he knows what's good for him, he'll come over to the right side.

LIESL: Rolf, don't talk like that.

*(FRANZ re-enters balcony, comes down steps.)*

ROLF: And if he doesn't, he'd better get out of the country —there are things that happen today to a man like that. He'd better get out quick. *(LIESL runs to MARIA.)* Cry all you want, but just remember what I said before it's too late. *(To MARIA.)* And you remember too. *(He exits U.C. followed by FRANZ.)*

MARIA: Liesl—don't cry.

LIESL: How could he turn on Father that way?

MARIA: Liesl—maybe he wasn't threatening your father—maybe he was warning him.

(CAPTAIN enters balcony, an open telegram in his hand.)

CAPTAIN: Liesl— (LIESL runs out D.R.)

MARIA: What is it Georg?

CAPTAIN: (Coming down stairs) I didn't think I would have to face a decision this soon. Berlin has offered me a commission in their Navy.

MARIA: (Crosses to him D.R.) Well, Georg?

CAPTAIN: I can't just brush this aside. I admit it would be exciting to have a ship under me again. What I mean is—it would be a relief and a comfort to know that you and the children are safe. But—it also means— Please, Maria, help me.

MARIA: Georg, whatever you decide, will be my decision.

CAPTAIN: Thank you. I know now I can't do it.

MARIA: Of course not.

CAPTAIN: We'll have to get out of Austria right away.

MARIA: You'll have to leave—tonight—now.

CAPTAIN: Not without my family. And we can't just pick up and leave. They'll be watching us now. We'll have to plan— (Doorbells.) —we'll have to have time.

(Offstage: "Heil." FRANZ enters U.C.)

FRANZ: Sir—Admiral von Schreiber of the Navy of the Third Reich is here to see you.

CAPTAIN: Thank you, Franz. (FRANZ exits U.C.) They didn't give us time.

MARIA: Then we'll have to make time.

CAPTAIN: I'll bring him in. We must be careful. (He exits U.C. MARIA prays, looks at Festival program in her hand, then runs upstairs.)

MAX: (Entering on balcony followed by LIESL) What's happening? Storm troopers! That's what I was afraid of, Maria.

MARIA: (On landing) Max, stay with Georg. I need the

children. Liesl, quickly, find the children. Quickly—  
(*MARIA exits to third floor. MAX comes downstairs.*  
*LIESL exits on balcony. CAPTAIN enters U.C. with*  
*VON SCHREIBER and ZELLER. VON SCHREIBER is*  
*in the uniform of a German admiral.*)

CAPTAIN: This way, Admiral, we can talk in here. Admiral von Schreiber, may I present Herr Detweiler. . . Max I think you know Herr Zeller. Would you gentlemen care to sit down?

ZELLER: (*U.R.C.*) We are here on business.

VON SCHREIBER: (*L.C.*) Captain von Trapp, a telegram was sent to you three days ago.

CAPTAIN: (*C*) I have just received it. I've been away. I've only been home half an hour.

MAX: Captain von Trapp has just returned from his honeymoon, sir.

VON SCHREIBER: Congratulations, Captain.

CAPTAIN: Thank you, sir.

VON SCHREIBER: Your record in the war is very well remembered by us, Captain.

CAPTAIN: It's good to hear you say that, sir.

ZELLER: Let's get to the point.

VON SCHREIBER: (*To ZELLER*) If you don't mind. (*To CAPTAIN.*) In our Navy we hold you in very high regard. That explains why I am here. Having had no answer to our telegram, the High Command has sent me in person.

CAPTAIN: That's very flattering, Admiral. But I've had no time to consider—

(*MARIA enters on balcony. She is carrying two Festival programs and is in her Concert costume.*)

VON SCHREIBER: I am here to present you with your commission,—

CAPTAIN: I am deeply conscious of the honor, sir, but—

VON SCHREIBER: And your orders are to report immediately to the naval base at Bremerhaven.



MARIA: (*Coming downstairs, with feigned innocence*)  
Immediately? Oh, I'm afraid that would be impossible  
for you, Georg.

CAPTAIN: (*Crosses D.R.*) Admiral, may I present my wife,  
the Baroness von Trapp, Admiral von Schreiber.

VON SCHREIBER: Madame!

MARIA: (*Crosses to VON SCHREIBER*) What I meant sir, is  
that we are all singing in the Kaltzberg Festival Friday  
night. (*Children start entering on balcony.*) You see—  
the Von Trapp Family Singers—here in the program.

(*She hands a program to VON SCHREIBER, then to  
ZELLER.*)

MAX: It's been arranged by the Ministry of Education and  
Culture.

VON SCHREIBER: Friday night? This is Wednesday. That's  
only a matter of two days. It might be possible. You  
could report to Bremerhaven by Monday . . .

ZELLER: (*Protesting*) Admiral!

VON SCHREIBER: Is there a telephone I could use?

MAX: This way, Admiral. If there is any question, perhaps  
adding the weight of my voice— (*They exit D.L.*)

ZELLER: (*To CAPTAIN*) It gives here only the names of  
the children.

CAPTAIN: (*Quickly*) It says the Von Trapp Family Singers.  
I'm head of the Von Trapp Family.

ZELLER: It's hard to believe, Captain von Trapp—you  
singing in a concert.

CAPTAIN: (*Coolly*) Herr Zeller, you may believe what you  
choose.

ZELLER: (*Crosses to CAPTAIN*) It doesn't say here what  
you're going to sing. What are you going to sing,  
Captain?

CAPTAIN: It's your privilege to come to the concert and  
hear us.



ZELLER: I'd like to hear you sing now. Sing what you're going to sing in the concert. Sing!

MARIA: *(Singing)* Do, re, mi, fa, so, la, ti— Liesl, will you give us a do?

*(LIESL blows a "do" on a pitch pipe.)*

MARIA and CHILDREN: *(Singing to ZELLER)*

Doe, a deer, a female deer,

Ray, a drop of golden sun,

MARIA: *(Facing ZELLER)*

Me, a name I call myself

*(She gestures behind her back for the CAPTAIN to sing. He comes in, explosively, a beat late.)*

CAPTAIN: Far, a long, long way to run

*(Blackout)*

## ACT II

### Scene 6

*The stage of the Concert Hall, Kaltzberg. As the lights come up and the music decreases in volume we hear the voices of the Von Trapp Family in a concert arrangement of "Do Re Mi." As the lights come to full we see they are in concert position and in Austrian folk costume. They are standing in front of the kind of velour curtain typical of a provincial concert hall. There is a microphone, L. The VON TRAPPS continue to sing:*

MARIA: *(Singing)*

So, a needle pulling thread

CHILDREN: A needle pulling thread

CAPTAIN: La, a note to follow so

CHILDREN: A note to follow so

MARIA: Ti, a drink with jam and bread

CHILDREN: A drink with jam and bread

CAPTAIN: A drink with jam and bread

CHILDREN A: Jam and bread

CHILDREN B: With jam and bread

CHILDREN A: Tea with jam and bread, jam and bread, jam  
and bread

Tea with jam, jam and bread

Tea with jam, tea with jam,

Jam and bread

With jam, with jam

Do, re, mi

A B C D E F G

With jam and bread

Fa' la la la

CHILDREN B: With jam and bread

ALL: Tea with jam and bread

With jam and bread

With jam and bread. *(The song ends.)*

*(They accept the audience's applause. MAX brings on the CAPTAIN's guitar, hands it to him and exits. FRIED-  
RICH gets a chair from behind the curtain. The CAPTAIN  
sits on the chair, C. MARIA and the children sit on the  
floor S.R. The CAPTAIN sings, plays introduction on  
guitar.)*

CAPTAIN: Edelweiss, edelweiss,  
Ev'ry morning you greet me.  
Small and white, clean and bright,  
You look happy to meet me.  
Blossom of snow,  
May you bloom and grow,  
Bloom and grow forever—  
Edelweiss, edelweiss,  
Bless my homeland forever.

Edelweiss, edelweiss,

Every morning. . .

*(He is looking at MARIA intently and stops singing.)*

MARIA and CHILDREN: *(Singing)*

Small and white, clean and bright—

*(The CAPTAIN picks up the song again.)*

CAPTAIN: You look happy to meet me.

Blossom of snow

May you bloom and grow,

Bloom and grow forever—

Edelweiss, edelweiss,

Bless my homeland forever.

*(MAX enters L. and addresses the applauding audience over the microphone.)*

MAX: Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Thank you. *(The family starts off stage R. MAX stops them.)* Just a moment. I have an announcement that concerns you. *(Into the microphone.)* Ladies and gentlemen, the Festival Concert has come to its conclusion—except of course, we don't know what the conclusion is going to be. The judges are putting their heads together to arrive at their decision, and while we are waiting I think there should be an encore. It seems this may be the last opportunity the von Trapp Family will have to sing together for a long, long time. *(MARIA and GEORG exchange a troubled glance.)* I have just been informed that Captain von Trapp leaves immediately after the concert for his new command in the naval forces of the Third Reich. A guard of honor has arrived to escort him directly from this hall to the naval base at Bremerhaven. *(MAX looks offstage L., indicating the presence of the guard of honor.)* And now, ladies and gentlemen, the family von Trapp again. *(The CAPTAIN and MARIA confer briefly and hurriedly. Then MARIA goes to the children and whispers some instructions to them. They line up across the stage and sing with a slight edge of apprehension. MARIA nods to conductor.)*

MARIA: *(Singing)*

There's a sad sort of clanging  
From the clock in the hall  
And the bells in the steeple, too  
And up in the nursery  
An absurd little bird  
Is popping out to say "coo-coo"

CHILDREN: Coo-coo, coo-coo

CAPTAIN: Regretfully they tell us  
But firmly they compel us  
To say goodbye to you.

ALL: So long, farewell, auf wiedersehen, good-  
night.

KURT and MARTA:

We hate to go, and miss this pretty sight

*(KURT and MARTA exit S.R., glancing back nervously)*

ALL: So long, farewell, auf wiedersehen, adieu

FRIEDRICH and LIESL:

Adieu, adieu, to yieu and yieu and yieu

*(FRIEDRICH and LIESL exit S.R.)*

ALL: So long, farewell, auf wiedersehen, goodbye.

LOUISA and BRIGITTA:

We flit, we float, we fleetly flee, we fly

*(LOUISA and BRIGITTA exit S.R.)*

ALL: So long, farewell, auf wiedersehen, goodbye.

GRETLE: The sun has gone to bed and so must I,  
Goodbye!

*(GRETLE exits S.R.)*

MARIA: Goodbye

CAPTAIN: Goodbye

BOTH: Goodbye.

*(MARIA takes the CAPTAIN's hand and they exit S.R.  
MAX joins in the audience's applause and watches the von  
Trapps off. Then he turns to see an envelope that is being*

*held out to him from offstage, L. He takes it and goes to the microphone.)*

MAX: Ladies and gentlemen, I have here the decision of our distinguished judges. *(He looks at the paper, then looks off after the von Trapps. He is stalling.)* We will start with the third award. For this honor, the judges have named the trio of the saengerbund of Herwegen. *(He gestures R. The trio enters R., bows and exits.)* The second award has been given to Fraulein Schweiger, the first soloist of the choir of St. Agathe's Church in Murbach. *(He gestures R. FRAULEIN SCHWEIGER enters R., bows and exits. MAX looks offstage L. as if to reassure himself it is safe to proceed.)* And the first prize—the highest musical honor in the Ostmark—goes to the family Von Trapp—*(He gestures R. The family Von Trapp does not appear.)* The family Von Trapp. *(He again gestures R. There is a commotion offstage L. and R.)*

OFF-STAGE VOICES: Where are they—the Von Trapps? They're gone! — Gone? — The Von Trapps! — Which way did they go? — Where are they? — Call the guard! — Hauptmann, take the first road! Ullrich, block the driveway! Steinhardt, call district headquarters! *(The commotion mounts.)*

MAX: *(To the orchestra)* Play something! *(He exits hurriedly L. THE LIGHTS DIM ALMOST TO BLACKNESS. Three Men in S.S. uniforms run across the stage, L. to R. Whistles and shouting voices are heard.)*

## ACT II

### Scene 7

*The garden of Nonnberg Abbey. The Abbey itself is on S.L., and there is a large single door opening from it into*



the garden. The rear wall of the garden has been hewn out of the mountain. It is low on S.L. and rises sharply to a considerable height on S.R. At the rear of the rock wall of the garden a path starts about C.S. and goes directly up the mountain, disappearing off D.S.R. There is a wooden railing on the upstage side of the path. At Rise: The garden is in blackness. A few stars are seen in the black sky. What little moonlight there is discloses the shadows of the VON TRAPP family huddled as if in hiding. They are wearing the native capes and hats and have a guitar case. Their rucksacks are lying at their feet. The door from the Abbey opens stealthily and SISTER MARGARETTA slips through it, closing it behind her. They all speak sotto voce. SISTER MARGARETTA: They've only five more rooms to search. It shouldn't be long now.

CAPTAIN: How many of them are there?

MARGARETTA: I counted only eight storm troopers and their officer.

MARIA: Sister Margareta, we didn't know we'd put the Abbey in this danger.

CAPTAIN: It's outrageous. The church has always been sanctuary.

MARGARETTA: Not with these people. This is the third time they've searched the Abbey.

MAN'S VOICE: (*Offstage*) Look there!  
(*There is a frightened pause.*)

MARGARETTA: That's why we put you out here in the garden. They always search the inside—never the outside.

GRETL: (*In full voice*) Isn't this God's house?

CAPTAIN: Ssh! Yes, darling.

MARGARETTA: (*To GRETL*) We must all be very, very quiet. We'll let you know when they've gone (*She exits into the Abbey.*)



MARTA: After they've gone, can we go home?

CAPTAIN: No, darling, we have a long drive ahead of us.

*(LIESL has drifted to the far side of the garden.)*

MARIA: Liesl, let's all stay close to each other.

*(LIESL starts back as the door L. opens suddenly.*

*ROLF enters dressed in S.S. uniform. He plays a flashlight across the stage. The light first reveals MARIA. The CAPTAIN starts toward ROLF. ROLF flashes the light on the CAPTAIN's face, at the same time drawing his pistol. The CAPTAIN stops short.)*

ROLF: *(Calling over his shoulder)* Lieutenant! *(As ROLF's head turns back, his flashlight beams directly on the face of LIESL. There is a hushed moment as she looks pleadingly at ROLF. From a distance we hear the LIEUTENANT's footsteps as he approaches. The sound draws nearer and nearer. Suddenly ROLF turns and calls through the door.)* No one out here, sir!

LIEUTENANT'S VOICE: *(Offstage)* All right! Come along!

*(The sound of the footsteps now indicates that the LIEUTENANT has turned and is walking away. ROLF takes one last look at LIESL, then exits quickly, slamming the door behind him. LIESL runs into her father's arms with a sob.)*

CAPTAIN: Sh-h-h! *(We hear the sound of an automobile starting. The family stands frozen. The sound fades into the distance.)* Thank God!

*(The MOTHER ABBESS and SISTER MARGARETTA enter.)*

MOTHER ABBESS: *(Full voice)* They've gone!

CAPTAIN: Reverend Mother, we are sorry we brought this on you.

MARIA: *(Crosses L. of MOTHER ABBESS)* Reverend Mother, we can never thank you.

CAPTAIN: As soon as it's safe, we'll start. We hid our car deep in the woods.

MOTHER ABBESS: The car will do you no good. They've left a guard on the road in front of the gate.

MARGARETTA: I've been listening to the wireless. All the roads are blocked. The border's been closed.

*(CAPTAIN looks at mountain.)*

CAPTAIN: *(Crosses D.R.)* I've always thought of these mountains as my friends—standing there protecting us. Now they seem to have become my enemies.

MOTHER ABBESS: Never your enemies. Haven't you read?—"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

MARIA: *(Crosses to L. of CAPTAIN)* Georg, I know that mountain as well as I know this garden. And so do you. And once we're over that mountain, we're in Switzerland.

CAPTAIN: But the children!

MARIA: We can help them.

KURT: *(Crosses to R. of CAPTAIN)* Father, we can do it without help.

MOTHER ABBESS: *(Crosses between MARIA and CAPTAIN)* You'll have help. "For Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing." *(The lights dim D.S. and build U.S. MOTHER ABBESS sings.)*

Follow every rainbow

Till you find your dream

*(The family, led by MARIA, pick up their rucksacks, and start out putting them on. The CAPTAIN picks up GRETEL. KURT takes guitar case. SISTER BERTHE and SISTER SOPHIA enter and join the MOTHER ABBESS in singing, as does SISTER MARGARETTA.)*

A dream that will need all the love you can  
give

Every day of your life for as long as you  
live.

*(The other nuns come on and swell the volume of this chorus. We see MARIA, followed by the children, start up the mountain path. At the rear is the CAPTAIN with GRETL on his shoulders.)*

Climb every mountain,  
Ford every stream,  
Follow every rainbow  
Till you find your dream.

*(MARIA and the rest of the family are about to disappear along the path as— The Curtain Falls)*

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